

VOL. VII NO. 16

MIDDLEBURG, VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1943

Single Copy 20 Cents
\$3.00 Per Year In Advance
\$6.00 Per Year In Canada

Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

**Horse Of The Year Award
Was Just A Walk-Over
For Count Fleet**

They have been balloting—as is now the rule at this time of year—upon the award of the title "Horse of the Year." And as was a foregone conclusion, it was **Count Fleet** first and the rest nowhere; as all and sundry would have been unanimous in expecting.

Not "since **Man o'War**" have we had a horse so completely and dominantly outstanding—to use that sadly overworked vocable that has become a stereotype for everything from toothpaste to war-heroes and screen actresses.

The son of **Reigh Count** and **Quickly** is so far in advance of all competitors for the honors that it isn't a race. It is a walk-over.

Which being so, it gives occasion for a few stray thoughts—or, at least, what may pass for them.

Of these the first that occurs to the writer is this:

That this nonpareil Thoroughbred is the son of a stallion that malicious pens for several seasons had been proclaiming was a failure as a sire.

And that his dam is a mare of definitely unfashionable breeding (until his advent), that cost but \$2,000 (so Mr. Hertz was quoted in an interview to have stated).

Reigh Count, sire of this phenomenal Horse of the Year, a couple of seasons ago, was receiving to his court very few mares, aside from those of Mr. and Mrs. Hertz. "Poison pens" were disseminating the information (?) that he was a failure as a sire.

Similarly, if at that time his dam, **Quickly**, had been consigned to the annual fall sales at Lexington, which many of the Blue Grass breeders use as a means of getting rid of unwanted stock (the w. k. "weeding-out" process) it is a good bet that she would not have brought her purchase price.

Yet by the mating of these two animals, **Reigh Count** and **Quickly**, there was produced the Horse of the Year 1943—and one of the best that has ever, in any year, been seen upon the American turf.

One might be pardoned the exclamation:

"A strange thing, my masters!"

Nevertheless, there is nothing strange about it except from the bromidic point of view.

As a matter of fact, **Reigh Count**
Continued on Page Eighteen

Many And Varied Problems Facing Post-War Racing

**Jersey Act Must Be Revoked
For America To Help
England Rebuild**

Racing's post-war problems are going to be varied and many of them will require firm, yet delicate handling. Just a few days back an internationally known breeder mused, "New York State benefitted by over \$19,000,000 from horseracing in 1943, but I am wondering what it will receive in 1953. I am also wondering what our relationship with England will be when this war is over." Naturally he was thinking of the Jersey (Exclusion) Act, which, since 1914, has barred many American bred horses from the General (English) Stud Book and thus, for thirty years, has held our export trade of Thoroughbreds to a negligible number. In England, most American-bred horses are recorded as "half-breds" due to a flaw in the pedigree of the great American progenitor, Lexington.

Never in the Thoroughbred relations of the two countries has there been such a peculiar situation. For years our breeders continued to buy English stallions and mares. In the past quarter century such famous stallions as **Sir Gallahad III**, **Bull Dog**, **Quatre Bras II**, **Aethelstan II**, **Blenheim II**, **Bahram**, **Mahmoud**.
Continued on Page Eighteen

Monmouth Hounds Giving Plenty Of Sport This Season

**Haskells Doing Wonderful
Job Keeping Pack Going
Against Great Odds**

By Nancy Gaddis Heller

Hunting with the Monmouth is now definitely NOT enjoying a lull, while these icy blasts from the Atlantic keep hounds and horses indoors. But at least one can enjoy one's memories (as a certain member of our field says sadly).

I think this season has been the very best. Our Master, Mr. Haskell who carries the horn, has never shown better sport, and against such terrific odds. These gloomy war days, fields are small, composed of the Haskell entourage, Lizzy Knapp who works all night at a war job but is keen enough to not let it stop her from a day's sport, the resourceful Bill Foles who is now more of a racing than a hunting man (but more of that later), Mr. J. D. Tuller of Lincroft, Buzz Berchmanns, Jimmy Reynolds, Mike Henryhan and myself.

Being given a medical discharge may sound serious but it has its points, as Molly Ryan and I can tell you. After nearly a year and a half in the service (WAC), the surgeon general decided I am suffering from what was then Colored Detachment number two.
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Lt. Strawbridge Tells Of Hunting In Leicestershire

**Says Twenty-Minute Run
With Cottesmore Hounds
Was Plenty For Him**

By Lt. Com. Robert Strawbridge, Jr.

I went to Melton Friday evening and will tell you in some detail so that you can pass this letter on to father. He will like to hear, so do not forget to read it to him.

Took the four o'clock train, as in the old days, from St. Pancras Station (badly bombed) stops at Kettering and Oakham. Arrived at 6:30 at Melton and taxi to Mrs. Van Rensselaer's house in Melton. It is Sam Ashton's house as you start out Sandy Lane. She had a Mrs. Gemmell stopping there too, very attractive and nice, and lives at Beebe in the Quorn country, who put her horse up at Mrs. Van R.'s for the night.

Saturday morning at 9 A. M. Boodlie Hilton Green (Chatty's wife—he is in Africa) called in her car, and we went to the Cottesmore Kennels, where he went on to Burrough with the hounds. She loaned me a really very comfortable horse. About 8 miles to the meet. Norman hunts the hounds, and she whips with another girl and old Dan (the London-derry's old groom is general gate shutter, etc.) About 20 out—several friends—Raymond Green, who gave us a glass of sherry in his house at the meet, John Wilson, Eric Crossfield, Mrs. Kimball, Mrs. Mills, our houseparty and several children—also Jimmy Kerr.

The country is all very familiar in aspect, villages not changed at all, lots of plow which is very difficult and a great deal of wire, but the fences about the same. Should say about every other field is plow. We drew the Punch Bowl which was beautiful as usual, and ran over to the Dalby Hall gardens and through toward Gartree Hill, and back to where we started. All very familiar. Had a few fences successfully. We then went over to the Burton Flats, but drew several covers blank such as Barry Guse, Laxtons, Whissen-thorpe and Wymardham. Then most everyone went home, as we turned our backs on Melton to draw some roots. Foxes had been seen on the road from Whissendine Village towards Ashwell. We did find and a fox ran away under our noses, and we could just keep in touch with hounds, as it was getting foggy, and
Continued on Page Five

Fort Leavenworth In The 20's

By Margaret de Martelly

Fort Leavenworth in the '20's was one of the most delightful spots in the whole world. For the student officers of the Command and General Staff School, it was difficult but their strain was balanced and tempered by very pleasant surroundings.

Except for the women's morning classes in the riding hall, the post was silent, serious and busy from Sunday evening until the following Friday when everything opened up like a full blown rose. There were dinner parties, the regular weekly hop, a polo game or perhaps a horse show and a general let-down for the hard pressed student officers and their instructors. This was life on the surface.

There was another side of life on the post which was more or less subcutaneous. To those fortunate enough to come in contact, it provided re-

creation and from it were extracted vast hordes of yarns which contributed to the general amusement.

This other side was the life, the joys, the multiple woes and the "miseries" of the darky troopers of what was then Colored Detachment number two.

These men and their feminine constituents (as they called them), might have presented a serious social problem to the nearby cities of Leavenworth and Kansas City, had it not been for officers like Palmer Swift now commanding general of our First Cavalry Division. They were his boys and he provided well for them. They had tennis courts, a recreation hall and yea-even a hunt all for themselves and their companions.

There was, of course, Deep Third
Continued on Page Fifteen

Hunting Notes:-



Alice Topsfield Plans An Invasion

By A. Henry Higginson, M. F. H.

CHAPTER X

Meredith's account of his visit to Lincoln in New England and of the brilliant day which he had enjoyed with the Sudbury Hounds, interested me greatly; not only from the point of view of the evidence it gave of the capabilities of Stud Book hounds to hunt a rough country, but also because it told me something of Meredith's personal reactions. I could not help feeling that his interest in Alice Topsfield was more than a passing one; and with the idea of leading the conversation around to her, I brought up the subject of his New England visit one evening a few days later.

"Tell me," I said, "did Lincoln ever take his hounds back to Virginia again? I can't conceive his being satisfied to keep such an excellent pack in what cannot have been a first-class country; though the day you described sounded good enough for anyone. But somehow I gathered that that was exceptional."

"Odd—you should say that," he answered, "that's exactly what I felt and what I said to Alice Topsfield as we rode back together after that hunt. She had said to me how glad she was that I could go back to Virginia with a good taste in my mouth. 'We don't get much real foxhunting in this part of the world,' she went on, 'it's a rough country and it isn't often that one gets as good a day as this. Of course, that performance you saw at Boxford last Sunday was a farce. Not all New England foxhunting is as bad as THAT; but, contrary to general opinion on your side of the water, there is too much woodland in most American countries. And yet, when I was hunting in Ireland a few years ago, everyone seemed to think that the average American hunting country was an open expanse of prairie. I suppose they got the idea from that book of Grantley-Berkeley's, which was published more than fifty years ago—'An English Sportsman on the Western Prairies.' I think it was called—but anyway, they don't seem to realize that our trouble is TOO MUCH covert,—not too little. Of course, there are countries—particularly around Philadelphia and in some parts of Maryland and Virginia—that are really good; but I don't think I've ever seen a better day in New England than the one we've just had, and I should think Henry would feel that he was wasting his time hunting up here in New England."

"I think I can answer your question, Alice," I answered, "but I don't feel sure that you'll understand it. There are some men—my Uncle was one of them—who are such lovers of

the foxhound; such keen students of bloodlines; that they can spend many happy days in the field watching hounds which they have bred work out the intricacies of a fox's line. Don't you know the story of the Englishman who said that he would rather have a blank day with foxhounds than not go hunting at all? I think you will find that our host is one of those men; but at that, it must be exasperating to him to have his hounds in a country where they haven't a fair chance to show what they can do—save on exceptional days like this. England is a bit far away; and besides, I'm selfish enough to want to have the fun of hunting with them myself. Why wouldn't it be a good idea if I could persuade the Committee of the Potomac County Hunt to ask him to bring his hounds down there and hunt that country for a few months? Of course, they have a pack of their own and a Master, but they can hardly do justice to the country which, while it is not England, is a very good one. Do you think Mr. Lincoln would consider such a proposition—and would you come down? I think I could find you a house in Leesburg."

"Yes," she answered, "I'm inclined to think that's a grand idea of yours and I believe Henry would come—I certainly would. I tell you—let's broach the subject at dinner tonight and see what he says. I know we could get up quite a party from around here and have a lot of fun there next season. It might be a good thing for your business too," she added. "You know I believe there's a bit of Yankee blood in you!"

It was dark when we reached the kennels and the visiting Huntsman rode up to the Master. "I have to thank you for a most enjoyable day, Sir," he said. "I've never seen better work, Sir, anywhere; and if I may, I shall certainly advise Mr. Mather to send a bitch or two to that young Tynedale dog—he's a 'natter', Sir!"

"Well, I'm glad you could stop over, Thompson," said the Master. "Most certainly tell Mr. Mather that I shall be glad to have him use FLEECER if he cares to. My very best regards to him, and now, 'good night' Thompson. Good night to you, Bob," he added, "first class day you gave us. I'm sure Mr. Meredith was pleased."

"Indeed I was," said I. "Good night, Bob, and many thanks. I shall write my Uncle about this hunt."

"I hope you will, Sir," said Westcott, "and will you please to give him my respectful compliments, Sir,

and I hope we may see YOU again, Sir."

"Well, Bob, I've got to be getting back to Virginia, but perhaps we shall meet again before long—you never can tell. Good night and many thanks."

"Thank you, Sir," the old man said, "and 'good night', Sir."

"Now for tea and toast," said the Master, as we dismounted at the house—or would you rather wait for dinner, Alice? We shall dine in an hour."

"If I could have a cocktail, Henry, and then wait for dinner, that would be perfect," she answered. "I dare say Jack would prefer a glass of port. He doesn't appreciate our cocktails, does he, Leonard?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said I, "but I would like a glass of port, Master; that'll do me till dinner."

"Suppose I have yours sent to your room, Alice," said Lincoln, "then you won't even have to wait for your hot tub. How will that do?"

"Always the perfect host," laughed Alice, "your idea is a grand one. Make mine a 'Lone Tree', Henry. Farewell till dinnertime," and she vanished up the stairs.

"Great little girl, that," the Master remarked. "Ride anything and make it go brilliantly. Too bad she and Robert don't pull together better. She's a filly that ought to be ridden with a very light hand, and he doesn't seem to realize it. She'll kick over the traces one day if he isn't careful."

"Did you ever hear the tale about her hair?" he went on. "I think that illustrates her character about as well as anything. About a year ago, Topsfield took it into his head to forbid her to ride a certain horse in their stable. The horse was hers, but he didn't think she could handle it and told her so. She laughed at him and told him she could ride the horse a damned sight better than he could and she would do what she jolly well chose. 'All right,' said Robert, 'if you do ride him I'll sell him, so be careful.' She rode the horse two days later in a dragnet at Myopia and it went brilliantly; but when Topsfield heard of it, he was wild and told her that he had warned her and that he would sell the horse. She promptly told him that if he did she would cut off her hair—she had lovely long hair—but he laughed and said he guessed she wouldn't do that."

"Well, he sold the horse to a dealer and when Alice found it out, she went to her room and cut off her hair and nailed it to the stable door, where he found it when he came home that night. They've never had much to do with each other since

then, although, for the sake of appearances, they don't say much about it, and people ask them everywhere together. I think Robert is fond of her, but he doesn't understand her."

That night after dinner was over and we were sitting around the table, Alice Topsfield broached the subject about which she and I had talked on the way home from hunting.

"That was an amazingly good day you gave us, Henry," she said, "but it has had a bad effect on me, because it only makes me discontented."

It's a sin and a shame that you should keep this lovely pack of hounds up here in this cold Northern climate where you're lucky if hunting isn't stopped before Christmas. Did it ever occur to you to take your pack into one of the Southern countries? Jack was saying tonight that he thinks it would be easy to arrange with the Hunt Committee of the Potomac County Hunt to give you two or three days a week there, for as long as you liked. They can't begin to do justice to that lovely country of theirs with their own small pack. Of course it might be an expensive matter, but it would be pretty nearly worthwhile."

"No," said Lincoln, "frankly I never thought of it. They didn't like Worcester at Beaver Dam—that I know—in spite of the fact that his hounds won the Match; but it never occurred to me that the Virginians would want an English pack in the country." Then I spoke up.

"I think you're quite mistaken, Mr. Lincoln. They did like your hounds and the way they hunted, and, if I may say so, they liked you—and your friends. I dined with Henry Fairfax a few nights before I came up here and he as good as said that he hoped you would come to Virginia again some day and bring your hounds. He's a very influential

Continued on Page Six

Foxhunters!

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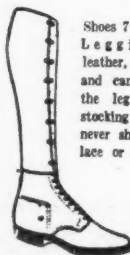
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My Friend In The Service

By Barbara Hewlett

Skippy Baxter was my friend for many years. He lived next door to me, in the buff-colored house on top of the hill, with the driveway of maples leading up to it. He was not a relative of mine, but one of the best and truest friends I ever had.

Sympathetic and a good listener, he would listen patiently to anything I wished to say. I could pour out an earful of troubles to him and he would never, or hardly ever, get impatient or cross. Then he never failed to cheer me up afterwards by doing something with me that was fun and was active, such as taking a walk or going hunting.

We were constant companions all summer and on week-ends in winter. In summer, we would go riding together in the woods for miles, sometimes taking our lunch up to a favorite spot on the crest of a hill where the sun warmed the pine needles to a drowsy softness, yet the shade of the trees prohibited any undergrowth. We would lie happily under the pines together, sharing our lunch equally and then we would lie for a long time without movement, listening perhaps for the scratch of a squirrel's claws on a tree-trunk or the faint squeal of a chip-munk.

I loved to watch Skippy when he lay intently there, unaware that I was studying him. His shock of tawny hair was all askew, his brown eyes were intent. He often rested his chin on the needles and stretched out straight behind. He had strong, straight legs, perfect muscle coordination, and was practically tireless in every sport we attempted. His face was lean and angular, his nose straight, and his chin slightly prominent. He had the power of concentration to such an extent that he would forget the rest of the world and lose himself completely in whatever he was doing at the moment.

Returning from riding, we would often go swimming. Skip was one of the strongest swimmers I have known. However, he was slow enough so that I could just beat him when

I got older. We loved to race the length of the pool, then scramble out and sit dripping, panting in the shade of the apple tree at one end. I learned to dive long before I could persuade Skippy to go off the board head-first. He always hated going under water and getting his ears wet.

I never knew Skippy Baxter to sulk or be extremely cross. If I ever did anything to hurt or annoy him, rather than show his feelings, he would go away. Then I would be overcome with remorse and follow him and apologize. He was so good-natured he always forgave me and we would forget our grief right away.

We both loved the out-of-doors. In fall, we never failed to go out shooting rabbits and squirrels. When the days were cold and raw, and the wind was biting, we would come home after a few hours and sit in front of a roaring fire, sipping hot cocoa and eating apples and popcorn.

In winter, on week-ends and holidays, we would hike through the snow and go sledding on Burrill's hill. We both loved to run in the snow and rough-house. Sometimes, when it was cold and there was no snow, we would go skating with other boys and girls on the School Pond where we invariably fell all over the ice, collected many bruises, and had a world of fun.

Now Skippy is gone. He went on December 7, 1942. I miss his gay nature, his willingness to do whatever I did, his good sportsmanship. I didn't realize everything he meant to me until he was gone. He never wrote to me. I guess he realized he couldn't express his feelings on paper. Last week, his family was notified that he was killed in action in the south seas. He was decorated for bravery under fire and the medal was sent to Mrs. Baxter. He was the first dog in the K-9 Corps to be awarded a medal.

SEDGEFIELD HUNT

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Hounds were out on Thursday, December 9, with the meet at the Sedgefield Stables. A field of approximately a dozen was present, and the dogs found within ten minutes after casting within sight of the stables. The line seemed to be a hot one for approximately twenty minutes when apparently the fox took to the paved highway on the Groome-

town Road, and it became necessary to lift hounds and recast in the Wiley covert. The hounds again quickly found and gave everyone a hard ride for approximately forty-five minutes before the fox was run to earth.

On Saturday, December 11, the meet was at the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Allen H. Watkins in Sedgefield at nine o'clock. The cast was at the edge of the golf course with no luck. The hounds were then picked up and cast in the Suit's meadow. The hounds found an old line which carried through the Futrell property on

West through the Millis Farm where the line played out. The hounds were again picked up and cast in the rear of the Dr. Brockmann farm where they soon found another line which crossed into the Wiley property. M. F. H. Rochelle found that his horse had thrown a shoe and asked Mrs. Willis H. Slane to take over. Just as he was pulling out, the hounds, who had feathered out and occasionally whimpered, hit a hot line with the fox up immediately and went away toward Groometown through Mr. Groome's pasture. This apparently was the same big red fox that has shown his extreme sagacity on one or two prior occasions. Readers will probably be interested in his craftiness. As mentioned, he went into the Groome pasture in the midst of a herd of beef cattle—this information was received from Mr. Groome, who happened to be on a hill back of his home and caught sight of the fox as he entered a herd of beef cattle. Mr. Big Red wove his way through the cattle—throwing the dogs temporarily off the line—and wended his way to a tobacco barn which was not in use at the time. He crawled into one of the tobacco flues and went through this flue to the back of the barn where the flue rose some feet in height. While hounds were straightening out the line among the cattle to the front of the barn, the fox quietly jumped out at the back and again slipped off. However, within about ten minutes Stella opened up and with a screaming cry the pack was off again, at a much faster pace. Back to the Wiley farm, through to the Dr. Brockmann property, swinging right through the Vickery's place on through the Mitchell property and down to Deep

River close to Jamestown, N. C. Back to the Wiley Dairy Farm and to earth after one of the really grand hunts of the season.

Members had been invited back to the Watkins' home where Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, and Mrs. Watkins' sister, Mrs. Nathan Ayers—her husband is President of the Sedgefield Horse Show, Inc., and is now a Captain in the Air Forces—and their Mother, Mrs. J. H. Adams, entertained approximately thirty hunt members. Continued on Page Eighteen

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ESTABLISHED 1937

Stacy B. Lloyd, Jr., Publisher

Nancy G. Lee, Editor
(Middleburg, Va. -- Berryville, Va.)John P. Bowditch, New York Representative
108 East 56th Street, New York City

Gordon Ross Drawings reproduced through the courtesy of William E. Rudge's Sons, Inc.

Entered as second class matter in Middleburg, Virginia; additional entry at Berryville, Virginia.

Printed Weekly At
Berryville, Va.

Subscription Price:

\$5.00 In Advance
\$6.00 In Canada and other foreign countriesClassified Advertising:
\$2.00 Per Inch

Friday, December 24, 1943

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

Subscribers are urged to report any irregularity in the delivery of THE CHRONICLE, and when reporting changes of address state the former address where paper had been received.

THE CHRONICLE IS ON SALE AT:

BRENTANO'S BOOK STORE, 48th and 5th Avenue, New York.

SOUTHAMPTON SADDLERY COMPANY, Millbrook, N. Y.

STOMBOCK'S SADDLERY, 3278 M St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Advertising Representatives: Littell-Murray-Barnhill, Inc.

101 Park Ave., New York
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Editorials

THE UNITED HUNTS

Before it is too late and the racing dates are allotted for 1944, The Chronicle wants to put in a further word for The United Hunts on top of the article by "Outsider" in our issue of December 3.

While we are fully aware of, and appreciative of, the careful thought and hard work put in by the New York State Racing Commission, we think they may have overlooked the basic position that steeplechasing holds in the long years of racing and the hold it has on the general public as a wonderful spectacle, (even though they may not be educated to the betting possibilities as compared to racing on the flat), and on a large number of patrons which includes some of the very best elements in support of racing.

Firmly believing the above to be the facts, and realizing that United Hunts officials are paid no salaries, and that any money they make for themselves, after contributions to the war effort and taxes, is used to bolster purses at hunt meetings and encourage the steeplechase game in every way possible, we are convinced that the New York Racing Commission should grant The United Hunts a day at least or reasonable days for a meeting in the Spring as well as the usual dates in the Autumn.

Such recognition by the Commission, we believe, would go a good way toward mitigating a feeling held by some that the Commission may be over-influenced by the great popularity of pari-mutual betting, with its consequent great benefit to the state, at the expense of a realization that most track managements are concerned over the threatened swamping of appreciation of the race horse and the stakes interested, in breeding and the true sporting point of view, by the financial aspects of present day racing.

While we admit it is only human to be greatly influenced by the financial aspects, we are strongly of the opinion that to overlook the fundamentals of the sport is a great mistake and that if continued, that time will prove we are barking up the right tree.

To indicate part of the splendid work done by the United Hunts, out of the money they made, they voted to give \$10,000 to charity, to be divided between the Seeing Eye of the Seaman's League and a hospital for expectant mothers, wives of servicemen. As no salaries are paid to the officers, they also voted \$1,200 in Christmas presents to employees of the operating force.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is still beautiful. In spite of the horrible war, there will be a Christmas this year and all other years where men and women are free and love freedom. No power on earth can take from us the happy and gay Yuletide which down through the years has come to mean so much to the Christian nations. Yes, Christmas is still beautiful. It may be a little sadder this year in many homes where shine the blue—in some—gold stars of service flags, but along with that service flag are bits of holly and the Christmas red and green.

Everywhere, people rich and poor, are head over heels in their

Yuletide preparations as they are confronted with such knotty problems of what to give, to whom, and where to go to get it. In every line of endeavor, Christmas preparations entail more labor, longer hours and an increased effort. Money is spent more freely, guests come and go and there is much entertaining and happiness.

But Christmas is worth every bit of the struggle, the time and the money. Walk the streets of any town in our country during this season and watch the little children as they gaze enraptured at shop windows. Notice as their faces light up; notice the expectancy and the hope for that one day in all the year when a new spirit watches over the earth.

You forget the trouble and time spent in getting ready for Christmas when on that one morning you tumble out of bed and hurry downstairs to see what is left there the night before for you and your family.

In spite of widespread employment and more money jingling in the pockets of most of us, there are many charities seeking to aid people in distress this year, whose burden is even greater now because of the war. As we hurry on last minute shopping pilgrimages, it is hard to stop and think of those who have no shopping to do. When we go about our way let us stop and think of the unhappy people who must depend on us for their Christmas. That, indeed, is the spirit of Christmas: The flame of benevolence that warms the one who gives as well as the one who receives, which expresses so wonderfully the universal friendliness of Christmas, as recorded in the words of the little crippled child in Dickens' beloved story, "God Bless us, everyone"—to everyone good will.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, SON

It's Christmas Eve, son. The tree is trimmed and all aglow. The Lawsons and the Wrights have just said goodnight, and Mother and I are alone.

We miss you plenty, boy. Just as we did last year when you were at camp and we got your wire saying you couldn't get leave to come home. But there's this difference . . .

Last year we were looking backward, dreaming of Christmases past, harking back through the years to your very first Christmas when you neglected your new gifts to play with your old shoe, to the Christmas when Uncle Frank spent the whole day on the floor playing with your new electric train, to the Christmas, not too many years ago, when you got the chemical set and darned near blew up the whole house.

Last year it seemed—well, as though some of the happiest days of our lives had gone, never to return.

But this year we know that the happiest days of our lives are still to come. This year we are looking ahead, waiting for the Christmas when you and your Mary are here to help trim the tree, we are thinking of the Christmas not so far away when you will be home.

And though you are farther away than ever this year—though there's a lot of blue water between you and our front door here at home—we know that every day that passes brings a little closer the great day when you will be back to all of us.

We can never forget those Christmases past; but the joy of Christmas Present is made more real this year by the growing certainty of a Happier Christmas yet to come.

Merry Christmas, son.

Letters to the Editor

For Future Reference

Dear Sir:

At present the writer is receiving two Chronicle each week. The reason for this is the fact that one subscription was sent to the above address. Upon entry into the Army, another subscription was sent to me care of my Army address at my request.

Now I am reluctantly a civilian again and as such, request my Army subscription to be sent home to 262 Waterman Street, Providence, R. I.

Your accounts of the sales of yearlings this past summer made most interesting reading. Let me congratulate you on the comprehensive coverage given your readers. These sales each year are something many of us look forward to, and The Chronicle gives us the account of these sales we like to keep for future reference.

Farming, particularly, grass farming, also has aided the consumer interest in The Chronicle. In these difficult times, I congratulate you on the fine job of constant improvement you and your staff are doing.

Yours truly,

J. A. Thurrott

262 Waterman Street
Providence, R. I.

A Patton Defender

John E. Hughes of Middleburg, Virginia and Chicago, submitted the following to the Chicago Tribune to be published in the Voice Of The People Column. It appeared in the December 15th issue.—Editor.

Chicago, Dec. 10.—Only my absence from the city prevented my writing this letter sooner. I became acquainted with Gen. George Patton about 1929. He was then a major in the office of the chief of cavalry at Washington and twice a week came to Middleburg, Va., to hunt with the Piedmont Hounds. Every one there was impressed, not so much with his consummate horsemanship as with his indomitable courage. There was no fence so big and no obstacle so dangerous that he hesitated an instant in riding at.

One day in his house at Washington, his son, who was then little more than knee high—and is now at West Point—showed me one of his father's decorations from the previous World war and said: "Daddy got that for going out into No Man's land in face of fire and bringing a wounded private back." That is George Patton!

On reflection, Gen. Patton would readily concede he made a mistake in the recently publicized incident.

Continued on Page Seventeen

Grey Simon, Champion Of Maryland, Won 59 Ribbons In 16 Shows

The honor of being designated the Champion Horse of Maryland in the horse show circuit was awarded to the J. Wesley Edel's Grey Simon, 9-year-old grey gelding, 16.1 hands, by *Sir Greysteel—Flower of Erin. This award was made to Grey Simon by virtue of the fact that he won the largest number of points in those shows in Maryland which were recognized by and members of the Association of Maryland Horse Shows. In 16 shows, he won a total of 59 ribbons, 22 of which were blues, for a total of 199 points. His nearest competitor was Cherry Bounce with a total of 177 points for reserve champion. Camp was next in line with 170 points.

Grey Simon won his greatest single honor of the season when he was placed 2nd to Major and Mrs. W. Haggin Perry's champion, Cornish Hills in the model hunter class of the 1st Annual Maryland Hunter Show at Pimlico. This was a closely contested event in which 22 of the top ranking model hunters of the east were entered.

Of interest to all is the fact that in Maryland, points won in all classes at the recognized shows count toward the championship. There is some discussion that the Association is planning separate trophies for hunter and jumper champions for the 1944 show season. This year, however, it was necessary for Grey Simon, when hard pressed for points, to occasionally enter classes for working hunters and jumpers. He proved his versatility many times by either winning or placing in working hunter, handy hunter, knock-down-and-out and open jumping classes. Of course, most of his points were won in conformation hunter classes.

Texas Association Elects Officers

The Thoroughbred Horse Association of Texas held its annual meeting at the home of Clint Murchison near Dallas on December 3 for the election of officers for the coming year. The officers re-elected were R. B. George, president, W. C. Stroube, treasurer and Bud Burmester, publicity director. Kenneth Murchison was elected to replace Alfred McKnight as secretary as Mr. McKnight was forced to resign that position due to ill health.

The association adopted a resolution of regret for the recent death of Emerson F. Woodward.

Fox Duff, James Collins, War Holman, A. H. Summerlin, Richard Waring, Joe Reynolds, Clyde Locklear, George B. McCamey, J. O. Hart and J. Harley Millick also attended the meeting.

Elsmeade Farm Sends 14 Horses To Aiken For Winter Training

Cy White, manager of Elsmeade Farm, Lexington, Kentucky sent a shipment of 14 horses to Aiken last month where they will be for their winter training. Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark, whose ex-steeplechaser, Love-ly Night stands at Elsmeade Farm, had three 2-year-old geldings in the shipment who have not been raced but will be trained for steeplechasing next season by Trainer Fred L. Post. Eleven yearlings made up the rest of the shipment and they will be in charge of Preston M. Burch.

Mrs. Clark's three prospects are Great Flare, by Flares—Egret, by Friar Rock; Cozey, by Head Play—Tea Leaves, by *Pharamond II and a bay by Mate—Never Fear, by Pennant.

Henry Lustig's Longchamps Stable had the major part of the shipment which included the chestnut colt by Grand Slam—Sweet Genevieve, by Sand Mole which he purchased from the J. O. Keene dispersal sale. The other 5 yearlings are a brown colt by *Pharamond II—Beanie M., by Black Toney; brown colt by *Rhodes Scholar—Lost Horizon, by *Sir Galahad III; chestnut filly by Sun Teddy—Lady Lark, by Blue Larkspur; bay filly by *Bull Dog—Donita M., by Stimulus and a brown filly by *Isolater—Themesong, by High Time.

Howe Stable's yearlings were a brown colt by Johnstown—*Volendam, by *Blenheim II; brown colt by *Challenger II—Sweet as Sugar, by Man o'War and a bay filly by *Pharamond II—Orissa, by Purchase.

A bay colt by Okapi—Let Her Fly, by *Pataud, property of V. L. Shea, completed the shipment.

Mrs. Slane Appointed Acting Joint-Master Of Sedgfield Hunt

Earl N. Phillips, Joint-Master of the Sedgfield Hunt with T. V. Rochelle is home from the hospital where he has been since the latter part of October when he came a cropper in the show ring. Although Mr. Phillips is making steady progress, he will be unable to ride again for awhile and the board of the Sedgfield Hunt has appointed Mrs. Willis Slane of High Point, North Carolina, to act as Joint-Master with Mr. Rochelle until Mr. Phillips is able to be out again.

In its 16 years of existence, this is the first time a woman has led the hunt and Mrs. Slane acted officially for the first time on Saturday, December 18. She is one of the earliest members of the hunt and one of its best followers.

Lt. Strawbridge

Continued from Page One

they ran quite fast right back towards Stapleford. We had to attempt the Whissendine and neither Boodie's horse or Norman's would have it, but mine liked it better and all went well. She stopped the hounds when we got a chance, as we could only just keep in touch with them. So we had about 20 minutes. Plenty for yours truly. About 8 miles to the kennels.

Had a cup of tea with Norman and his wife, and Boodie took me back to Melton. I rather surprised myself as I was not too tired, and only fairly stiff on Sunday.

The hounds ran well enough, but look pretty poorly, and are pretty wild too. About half the horses clipped. I should say that hunting was carried on under all the same difficulties as with us at Unionville, but every difficulty greatly increased here. No servants, no oats, no feed for hounds (a little flesh and potatoes). I gather hounds get away from one all the time if the scent is good—the plow, wire and unrepaired gates hold everyone up. On the other hand, you can jump anywhere and no crowd. Also lots of nice grass to gallop over in places. A pretty tough job for the Cottesmore, who hunt four days a week and cover the whole country.

Dinner at John Wilson's Saturday. Sunday took a walk through Melton, and to Sysonby. A few more houses, but otherwise the same—Bell Hotel, shops and streets as always. A large airfield at Dalby and lots of huts, and another near Cottesmore, and the usual signs of war—lorries, sold-


iers, etc.

Saw no other friends—missed the Leighs, James Baird and others. Just nobody can keep a house and no one has any gasoline.

Back Monday A. M. Dined with Margaret Colt, and will dine with the Gibsons this evening.

Stallion Roster

The returns from the stallions cards has been very good but the Mid-west still lags a bit behind. The information requested is necessary in order to have a complete listing and although the dead-line was December 15th, any owners or breeders who have not returned the cards, may still get their stallions listed in the roster if the information is forwarded immediately.



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141 EAST 24th ST., N. Y.

Ellerslie Stallions

SEASON OF 1944

Charlottesville, Va.

FLARES

Bay, 1933

(PROPERTY OF BELAIR STUD)

by GALLANT FOX—FLAMBINO, by *WRACK

Was sire of the stakes winners CHOP CHOP and TEENTEE in his first season; he was a winner of the Newmarket St. Leger, Champion Stakes, Burwell Stakes, Princess of Wales Stakes, Dullingham Stakes, Lowther Stakes, Champion Stakes, and the Ascot Gold Cup, all with big weights.

Fee \$250 Return

TINTAGEL

Bay, 1933

by *SIR GALLAHAD III—HELOISE, by FRIAR ROCK

Was the leading two-year-old of his year, winner Belmont Futurity; 10 of his 13 starters in his first crop and 10 of 12 starters in his second crop are winners; he is a full brother to BOY KNIGHT, stake winner two-year-old this year, and half brother to the stake winners DINNER DATE, and SGT. BYRNE. A yearling half brother sold for \$33,000 this year at Meadowbrook.

Fee \$150 Return

Both TINTAGEL and FLARES stand complimentary to stake winners and dams of stake winners.

POMPEY

Bay, 1923

by *SUN BRIAR—CLEOPATRA, by CORCYRA

Is the sire of four stake winners this year—WHIRLABOUT, ANTHEMION, BIRCH ROD and POMPION. He is also sire of the champion two-year-olds of their years LADYSMAN and POMPOON. His get have won nearly \$1,700,000 to date, and 64% of his foals are winners.

Fee \$250 Return

Return is for one year if mare does not prove in foal, to be claimed by December 1, 1944. We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit. No responsibility is accepted for accidents or disease.

ADDRESS COMMUNICATIONS TO

A. B. HANCOCK

PHONE 393

PARIS, KENTUCKY

THANKSGIVING

Bud Lerner	The Finn	*Ogden Livonia
	Dreamsome	Superman Ballymena
Inchcape Belle	Inchcape	Friar Rock Rose of Gold
	Swan Song	Ben Brush Pink Domino

Winner of eight races and \$60,000. Out of a winner and dam of seven winners. THANKSGIVING is a well-made horse of high potency, good disposition and lots of substance. This is his first public season.

FEE: \$150 WITH RETURN

Standing the 1944 Season at

Windsor Farm

UPPERVILLE VIRGINIA

ADDRESS COMMUNICATIONS TO:

PHILIP GODFREY, 185 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

Alice Topsfield

Continued from Page Two

member of the Potomac County Hunt Committee and a large landowner, and I think that—if you would consider such a proposition—you would have an official invitation within a month. I know you would have the backing of the Master of their pack also;—he's always complaining that he can't hunt the country properly and the Committee doesn't want to lose control of it." Alice broke in.

"Do let Jack see what he can do," she said, "It doesn't bind you to anything and it would be great fun if you could manage it. I'd take a house there myself and persuade the Prices to come with me; and I'm sure Leonard would be glad to take another, and Jack could sell us all horses; and it would be a kind of 'Mutual Benefit association'."

"Well, Alice," he said, "you and Jack seem to have cooked the whole thing up—so perhaps I'd better say yes". Seriously," he went on, "I'm inclined to think that if it could be arranged, it would be great fun. Do you really believe you could put it over, Meredith?"

"I most certainly do," I answered, "Anyway, I'll try, and I'm sure there are a good many men who would back me up. I'll write to Arthur Chichester tonight and set things in motion."

"We sat up very late talking it all over, and even when I had gone to my room and switched off my light, I was so excited about it that I couldn't go to sleep. You see," he went on, "it meant a lot to me—in many ways. I—" he broke off suddenly, "my God, Dick, I'm telling you the story of my life as far as I can see; it must bore you terribly. I think I'd better stop."

"No, Jack," I answered, "It doesn't bore me; I'm mightily interested in it all. Please go on; tell me what was the outcome of all those plans?"

"Well," Meredith continued, "I did write to Chichester and one or two others, and there was a Hunt Committee meeting at Leesburg soon after I got back. They asked me to tell them just what sort of a proposition Lincoln wanted, and what he was prepared to do; and the upshot of it was that he came down there

with his entire outfit the following November. I never saw such a retinue! It filled two Express cars—hounds, hunters,—even a light break and a team of ponies to drive to meets with. They were piebald ponies and it was like a traveling circus!"

"During the Summer I had acted as a sort of 'real estate agent', leasing houses for Lincoln, Hall, Alice Topsfield and some friends she brought with her, Clarence Poore—a well-known ex-Master,—and many others. In fact, there wasn't a house left for rent, when I got through. It must have been quite a help to the business of the town, too."

"And was it a success?" I asked.

"It most certainly was," Meredith answered.

"Such a success that it was repeated another year. I don't think I ever had two such happy seasons, though I had to return to England before the second was over. Father was very ill," he went on, "and my sister wrote me that she thought I ought to come home. I hated to go. I talked it over with Alice," he added reminiscently, "and she told me I ought to. She was right, for they cabled for me and I left by the next boat. I expected to be back in six months at the longest; but when I got home, I found that I couldn't go back. Father was very dependent on me and I stayed with him until he died, some years later. His affairs were in rather a mess, and though I wanted to return then, I couldn't arrange to do so for some time; and then, I hadn't the heart. You see, I had sold my horses and the farm, which belonged to father, had to go when his estate was settled up. There was really nothing to take me to America; in fact I didn't go until I went over in the British Remount Service, during the War. I looked up Lincoln at that time; but he had left Virginia and moved his establishment to another country. I had a day or two with him—old Westcott had died and he was hunting hounds himself then—and first-class sport he showed me. I saw Leonard Hall, too, and he told me that Robert Topsfield had been killed hunting and that Alice had gone out West. He gave me her address and I wrote to her; but she must have moved for the letter came

Beagles



Lewisboro

Fixture For December

Sunday, Dec. 26th, 10:30 at Rock Ridge Farm, Brewster.

Friday, Dec. 31st, 3:30 at Wild-oaks Farm, Goldens Bridge.

If in doubt concerning weather, call Katonah 188.

Marjorie D. Bondy, M. B.

Treweryn

Conditions permitting, Treweryn Beagles will meet for December, 1943:

26—White Horse, 2:30 P. M.

S. Stockton White, Cameron Macleod, Jr.

Acting Joint Masters.

back with 'Address Unknown' written across the envelope. I've never seen or heard from her, though I've often wondered what has become of her. She was a grand girl, and I was very fond of her."

"Yes," I said, "I think you were."

GOLDENS BRIDGE HOUNDS, INC.

Rock Ridge Farm, Brewster, New York. Established 1924. Recognized 1925.



December, 1943

Hounds will meet at 11 A. M. except on Sundays when hounds will meet at 2 P. M., at Rock Ridge farm.

Hounds will not meet Christmas Day.

Sunday, 26th.

Wednesday, 29th.

If in doubt regarding weather, call North Salem 910.

R. L. PARISH, M. F. H.

Members and staff will not wear pink for the duration of the war. Visitors welcome. Capping fee \$20.

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THE CHASE

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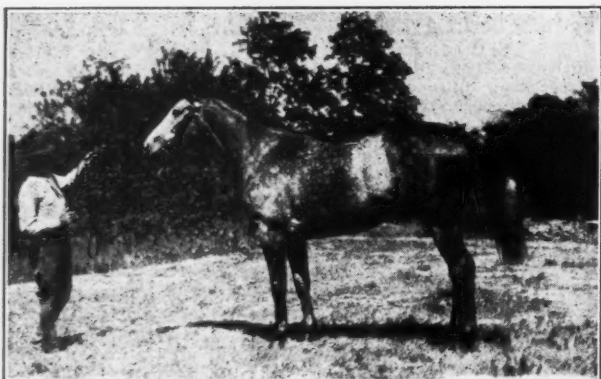
THE CHASE PUBLISHING CO.

Inc.

Lexington, Kentucky

SAM WOOLDRIDGE, Editor

Season's Greetings from COQ D'ESPRIT



COQ D'ESPRIT, grey, 1934, by *GOQ GAULOIS—DELUCY, by *LIGHT BRIGADE, is a magnificent individual, standing 16.3½, measures 79 inches around girth, 9½" below the knee and weighs 1,500 pounds. Combining, as he does, the jumping qualities of *COQ GAULOIS and *LIGHT BRIGADE, and being a brilliant jumper himself, he should prove a most outstanding sire of jumpers.

AT STUD, CLIFTON FARM, BERRYVILLE, VIRGINIA

Fee—\$75 Return

Mares boarded at reasonable rates.

DR. L. M. ALLEN, WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA

Brookmeade Farm Stallions

(PROPERTY OF MRS. ISABEL DODGE SLOANE)

1944 Season

GOOD GOODS

Brown, 1931

Neddie.....	Colin.....	Commando *Pastorella
	Black Flag.....	*Light Brigade Misplay
*Brocatelle.....	Radium.....	Bend Or Tala
	*Pietra.....	Pietermaritzburg Briar-root

We invite you to inspect 3 yearling colts and 1 filly by GOOD GOODS now at Brookmeade Farm.

Fee \$250

To Guarantee A Live Foal

OKAPI

Brown, 1930

Eternal.....	Sweep.....	Ben Brush Pink Domino
	Hazel Burke.....	*Sempronius Retained II
Oktribbena.....	*Rock Sand.....	Sanfoin Roquebrune
	Octoroon.....	Hastings *Ortegal

Fee \$250

To Guarantee A Live Foal

BROOKMEADE FARM HAS EXCELLENT FACILITIES FOR VISITING MARES

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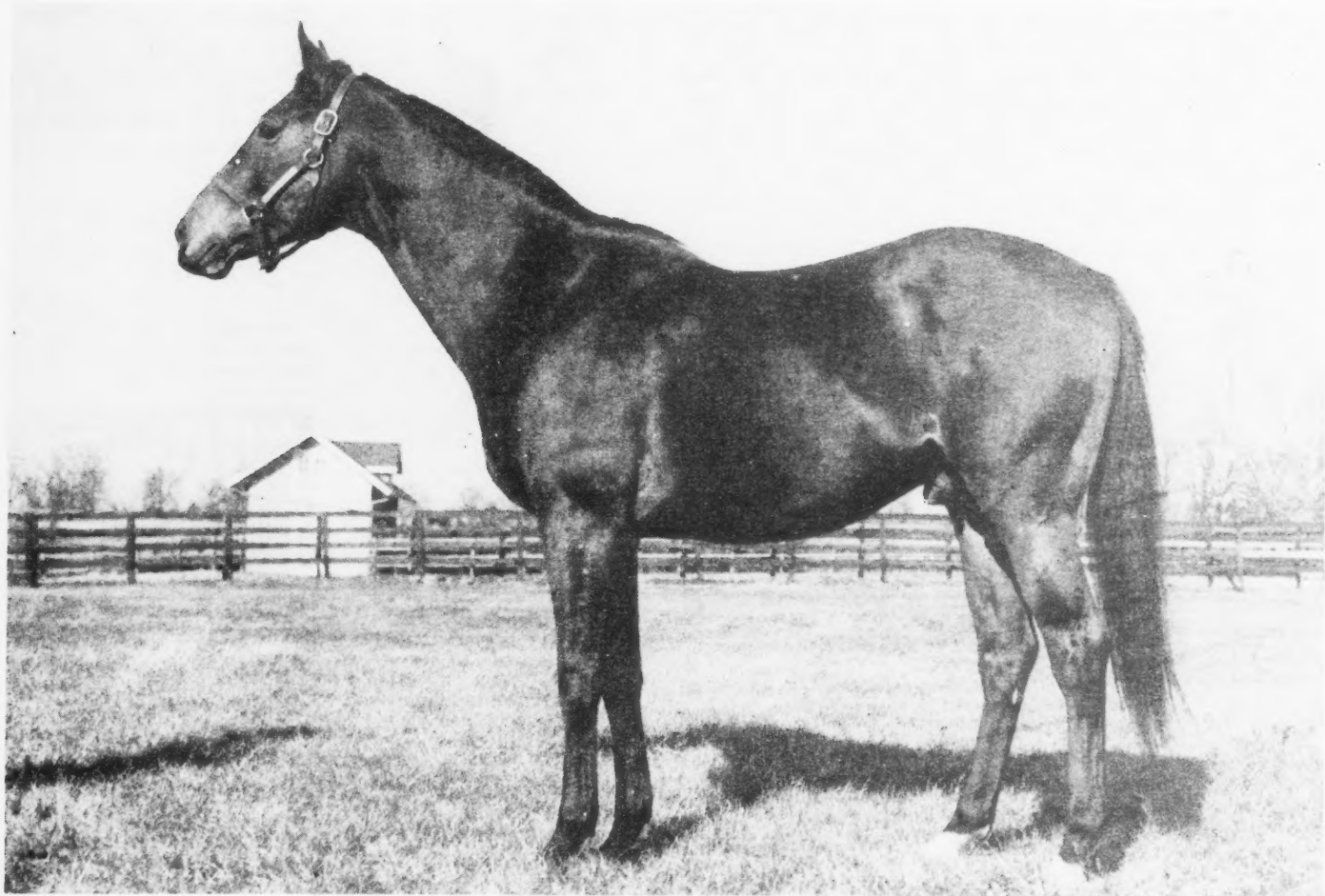


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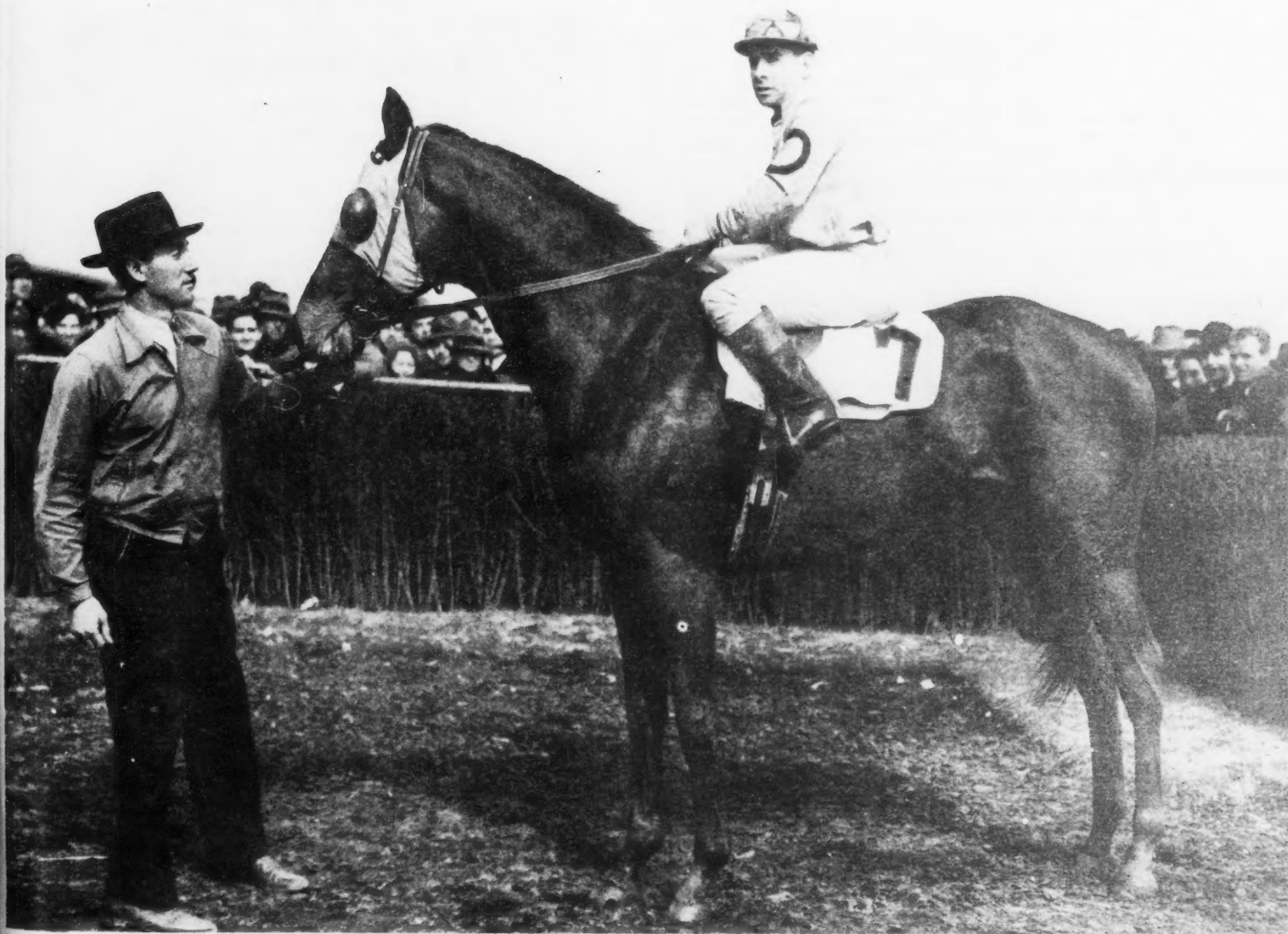
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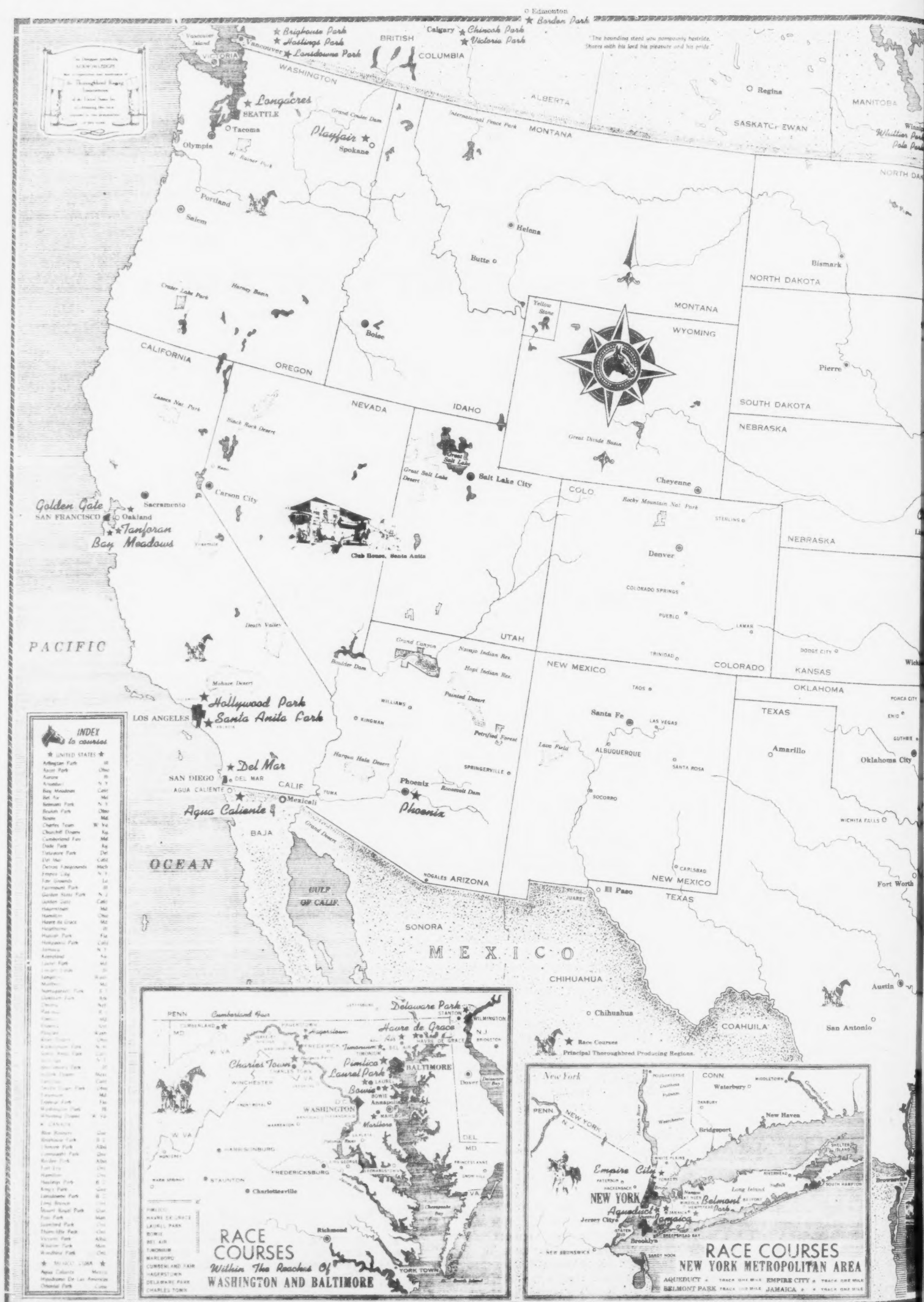


*HELIOPOLIS by HYPERION-DRIFT, by SWYNWOOD, stands at the Coldstream Stud at Lexington, Kentucky. As a race horse, he was a top colt. His sire, HYPERION has been England's leading sire for the past three seasons.

"HORSE OF THE YEAR"



COUNT FLEET, winner of the Kentucky Derby in May and triple crown winner, was voted last week the horse of the year by sportswriters and turfmen. He is the son of REIGH COUNT, himself a Derby winner.





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Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

Time Alone Can Answer The Many Questions About Post-War Hunting

Regarding post war hunting an ex-M. F. H., asks some very pointed questions:

Before the war Hunt servants' horses cost £80 to £100, and not less than £100 per annum to keep. Oatmeal varied between £10 to £15 a ton, a servant's livery cost £8 to £10. How much will these items cost after the war?

With the modern system of short leys and soft grasses for dairy cattle, where will the hay for hunters be procurable and at what price? Where are future Hunt servants, blacksmiths and saddlers coming from?

Will stable helpers require overtime in addition to 65-s a week?

Who will find it worth while to breed the half-bred hunter type with no cavalry to take the misfits?

All these are questions that will have to be faced and which time alone can answer. There is no doubt that fewer farmers will send "the old mare" to a Thoroughbred stallion on the off chance that she will produce a hunter, unless there is a market for the seven out of ten of such produce which are vanners or trappers,—anything but hunters. It is certain that for a time the price hunters will command will give a fillip to breeding, but no one can tell how long the big prices will continue.

The unfortunate thing is that farmers have in the majority of cases increased the lottery of breeding by mating "the old mare" (regardless of her breeding) with the blood stallion passing the gate, instead of using mares of fixed type like the Cleveland Bay which would have given them certainty. It would seem that many now see this and the demand for Cleveland mares has been such that the very continuity of the breed is in jeopardy.

To Go Off At A Tangent

A correspondent asks me for the Arab legend regarding the origin of the horse. According to Abd-el-Kader it is this:

When Allah willed to create the horse, he said to the South wind, "I will that a creature should proceed from thee—condense thyself"—and the wind condensed itself. Then came the Angel Gabriel, and he took a handful of this matter and presented it to Allah, who formed of it a dark bay or a dark chestnut horse saying, 'I have called thee horse, and I have bestowed on the colour. Thou shalt be the lord of all other animals. Men shall follow thee where-soever thou goest. Good for pursuit as for fight, thou shalt fly without wings. Upon thy back shall riches repose, and through thy means shall wealth come'.

Hunting On The Cheap

Reverting to the future of hunting the correspondent quoted does not mention the vital question of subscriptions which will more and more exercise the minds of those who have to foot the inevitably increased cost of maintaining a pack and hunting a country. There is a tendency to speak of those hunting "on the cheap" as being of recent origin. This is not so for just sixty years

ago very outspoken comments were made on this very subject, Masters being advised to cease advertising their fixtures so that those who did not contribute to the expenses could not enjoy the fun. Here is what one of the most influential writers on sport said at the opening of the 1884 season:

"In more than one country, Masters, overwhelmed with large, and it may be added unremunerative fields that follow hounds, have tried, by not advertising meets, to stem the invasion, and to allow elbow-room to those who contribute to the support of hounds. The non-paying hunting man has long been a great scandal, and the various means and devices put in operation to shame him into putting his hand in his pocket do not seem to have cured the evil. One Master has tried "capping", another expostulations of a strong order; a third endeavours to put a mark on the honorary (not honourable) members of his Hunt. All this has been of little avail. The free-lance is on the increase, and the large fields, for which we are indebted to the railway facilities, are certainly very trying to farmers as well as to Masters."

Village Wit

The village postman today told us "I've niver been warm this week after leaving my missis in bed", and later he rather annoyed the parson by saying "You'll likely have your breakfast in bed and lie there most of the day, as you'll not be wanted till Sunday." "If you knew as much as you ought about your parish church", replied the parson, "You'd know there's an early service there every morning; sometimes before you're out of bed. Do you ever say your prayers?" "I'm not what you'd call a professional prayer", replied the wit, "but I often prays that the Income Tax chaps wouldn't send so many of their papers for me to deliver and to read to some of them what understands 'em less than what I does. There's one or two on my round keeps getting nasty impudent questions and letters saying that the tax papers they've sent back are all wrong. There's some almost worried to death with getting into hot water with these Income Tax chaps.

Now I've got wrong with you, and before I'd been long out this morning I got into hot water with the cook at—She usually gives me a cup o' tea and when I sat down in her kitchen she was cutting up a hare. I told her she was the most fashionable woman I'd clapped eyes on this day. At first she looked pleased, and then I said "Look at your finger-nails". She turned quite nasty and I didn't get me cup of tea this morning!" "They're lucky to get a hare!" remarked the parson. "Nowt so easy", retorted the wit. "They're the easiest thing in the world to shoot or snare. I'll show you a gateway, and if you don't know how to set a sniggle I'll teach you, and you can go out early in the morning before anyone's about and come home with a hare down your trouser leg".

The vicar walked away without making any reply to this offer, and someone remarked to the village wit, "He'll cross your name off his book and call you a rogue". "I don't care what he calls me", said the wit.

"I can tell you this," broke in a farmer, "When I gans now to call in our young horses of a night, I only have to shout "co-op!" once and then you'd think they were running in the St. Leger. I gives 'em a bit o' hay, a ton nip or two, and some chop of a night, and they're fain and glad to be laid in this weather. Yesterday

night at dusk when I was fetching 'em in, a couple of strangers—hikers likely—were passing the gate, and one of 'em asked "Are those young horses?" to which I said "They're stags!" He looked at me, then looked at the horses, and said "What did you say?" "I said they were stags", says I, to which he says, "I don't know much about horses, but I DO know a horse from a stag".

"Will you bet?" says I. "This chap coming here will settle it, and you can ask him the plain question without me speaking first. It was Arty, the rabbit-catcher, who was parcelling up the road, and although he said nowt about having a bet, the stranger tackled him. "Are those horses or stags?" to which Arty answered "they're stag-horses and

horse-stags", which raffled the hiker chap more than ever and off he and his pal went. I wish he'd just bet me a dollar!"

Continued on Page Nineteen

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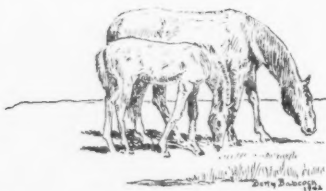
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Horsemen's



News-

Much Of Romance In Racing Begins At Starting Gate

Florida visitors should by all means include in their daily itineraries an early morning pilgrimage to the starting gate at Hialeah Park.

Here, each day from now until Hialeah beckons to the warrior Thoroughbred, Starter George Cassidy's able crew of assistants, consisting of Ed Blind, Bill Constantine, Oscar Mackey, Tommy Ryan and Dick Dixon, are busy schooling horses.

Racing fans as a general rule seldom find the time to amble over to the backstretch where much of the real romance in racing originates. Activities about the starting gate are of particular importance since great stakes races can be either won or lost there.

On the other hand, veteran turf men avow the start to contain a variety of thrills seldom encountered at any stage of a race whether it be a rich handicap or a claiming affair.

High strung Thoroughbreds with equally keyed-up jockeys stand out in peculiar contrast to the starter who, for some reason or other, always appears the coolest man at the gate. It is said the ability of his crew is often the contributing factor reflecting on a starter's seemingly placid demeanor.

A journey over to Hialeah's starting gate any morning will afford the visitor an opportunity to observe many of the greats and near greats of racing without much of the glamor which allegedly surrounds them in their boxes at the races.

Lounging slacks, odd coats, garish sweaters and beat up hats may send society writers gasping in horror, yet, no one looks shabby silhouetted against the horticultural splendor which is Hialeah Park's at any hour of the day.

Those who go for turf celebrities will find them all when the dew is on the grass at Hialeah with the dawn. Warren Wright, owner of Whirlaway and the fabulous Calumet Farm is often a morning visitor chatting with his trainer the plain and sometimes fancy Ben Jones. It is an awe-inspiring sight to see a large set of Calumet horses come bounding out of the gate with bell ringing and exercise boys hunching and punching amid all sorts of weird yells.

A bevy of America's top racing stables are now quartered on the grounds at Hialeah Park preparing diligently for the last word in winter race meetings which gets under way here January 7 to March 4 inclusive.

They are all best seen in the morning hours at the starting gate indulging in a panorama of action which is Hialeah's pre-view of the great days to come when outfits like the Greentree Stable, Calumet, Woolford Farm, Circle M Ranch et al break out of the gate winging for the Miami Jockey Club's richly endowed stakes which are not too far distant.

Helis' \$66,000 Colt Candidate For Both Chicago Futurities

William Helis, Louisiana oil man who recently entered racing in a big way, was the largest subscriber to the six early closing Arlington-Washington Park stakes of 1944 it was revealed today. Of the 1,406 nominations, 90 were made by Mr. Helis, whose recent purchases included the \$66,000 **Blenheim II—Risk* colt at the Keeneland sales and \$55,000 for the stallion, *Attention*, conqueror of *Whirlaway* in the 1941 Arlington Classic.

Helis made 27 nominations each for the \$25,000 added Arlington Futurity and \$25,000 Washington Park Futurity. They included, of course, the \$66,000 youngster in both events. He also made 16 nominations for the two \$15,000 added filly stakes, the Arlington Lassie and Princess Pat. For the \$50,000 Arlington Classic and \$50,000 American Derby Mr. Helis named the two colts, *Tropea* and *Aera*.

The combined added value of the six stakes is \$180,000, with an estimated gross value of \$400,000 indicated by the record number of nominations as follows:

Arlington Classic, 144; American Derby, 141; Arlington Futurity, 315; Washington Park Futurity, 316; Lassie Stakes, 245; Princess Pat Stakes, 245.

Altogether, there were 200 subscribers. With few exceptions they included all the leading stables of America. Among those with the largest number of nominations were Calumet Farm, Greentree Stable, Brookmeade, Charles S. Howard, John Marsch, Col. C. V. Whitney, Mill River Stable, Louis B. Mayer, Hal Price Headley, Darby Dan Farm.

Hardly a first flight 2-year-old of 1943 is missing from the list of nominees for the two rich and important 3-year-old fixtures of 1944, the Classic and American Derby. The eligibles include Pukka Gin, Platter, Occupy, Pressure, Director J. E., Pensive, Alorter, Black Badge, Stymlie, Professor Lee, Jezrahel, Royal Prince, Boy Knight, Gay Bit, Lucky Draw, Weyanoke, Bel Reigh, Bellwether, By Jimminy, and the fillies Durazna, Twilight Tear, Miss Keeneland, Cocopet, Thread o'Gold, Harriet Sue.

The nominations reveal in a striking manner the quality of racing to be seen during the Arlington-Washington Park season, June 19 through September 7, a period of 70 days. These six stakes are brilliant highlights in the 1944 stakes program but of course represent only the 2 and 3-year divisions. More than 36 additional stakes for horses of various ages, including a generous number for fillies and mares, and also including the Arlington, Stars and Stripes and Washington Park Handicaps of \$50,000 added value each, will close for nominations later.

First payments on the six early closing stakes are due on February 15.

California Jockey Club First To Raise Million For War Relief Funds

On the heels of the announcement that American Racing had contributed in excess of \$4,200,000 to War Relief and War Charities in 1943, comes the announcement from William P. Kyne, general manager of Bay Meadows, that the California Jockey Club is the first racing association in America to raise over a million dollars for War Relief agencies and Armed Forces charity funds.

It is a matter of great pride with Mr. Kyne and the directors, that the peninsular track, which has been frequently referred to as a "peanut track" when compared with other American tracks, should be the first to institute a war relief program and also the first to exceed the million dollar goal. A million dollars alone was raised in 1943, which was added to the \$173,000 given by Bay Meadows in 1942.

In making the announcement Mr. Kyne stated, "We are not only glad that our efforts to 'make it a million' were successful, but that we were able to present to Californians a fine program of horse racing, which earned the public's enthusiastic endorsement making it possible for us to attain our objective."

Some of the major contributions, allotted or to be allotted follow:

U. S. Naval Hospital Funds	\$ 115,000.00
Army Emergency Relief	175,000.00
Maritime Cadet School, San Mateo	20,000.00
Semper Fidelis	13,000.00
Western Defense Command Recreation Fund	50,000.00

Alameda County War Relief Committee ..	31,000.00
San Mateo County	31,000.00
Santa Clara County War Relief Com.	34,500.00
San Francisco County War Relief Funds ..	45,000.00
California Turf Foundation	46,790.13
California Breeders' Ass'n.	38,000.00
American Red Cross ..	15,000.00
San Francisco Newspapers War Relief Fund	28,000.00
Stagedoor Canteen and SF Children's Hospital Fund	131,000.00
Stanford Convalescent Home	15,000.00
3-cities Canteen and Amer. Legion Dormitory Fund, San Mateo	10,000.00
Order of Purple Heart Amer. Women's Voluntary Services	5,000.00
Infantile Paralysis Fund	10,000.00
McClellan Field	20,000.00
San Mateo Associated Charities	5,000.00
Joe E. Brown War Fund	10,000.00
	\$ 853,290.13

Miscellaneous donations and unallocated funds\$ 151,709.87

Total 1943\$1,005,000.00

War Relief program of 1942 172,994.24

\$1,177,994.24

KEEP ON
**Backing the Attack!*
WITH WAR BONDS

PILATE

Chestnut Horse, 1928

By Friar Rock—*Herodias by The Tetrarch

Sire of PLATTER, voted the best 2-year-old of 1943, winner of the Pimlico Futurity, worth \$33,440 and Walden Stakes, \$10,800. Total earnings for 1943, \$50,150.

Also sire of Mad Anthony, Gunflash, Crestfallen, Wing Tip, Royal Red, etc.

To November 1st, 19 of PILATE'S 2-year-olds had started, 12 had won a total of 22 races. Two others had placed.

FEE \$500—RETURN
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\$400 for stakes winners or dams of stakes winners

One year return if mare fails to get in foal

We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit

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MONTANA HALL

WHITE POST, VIRGINIA

BUY WAR BONDS!

Horsemanship

By Margaret de Martelly

A JUMPER OR A HUNTER

It is something of a revelation to find how many, many people miss the point which makes the real difference between a hunter and a jumper. This is especially true of those whose earlier interests were with other types of horses.

The primary thought which should never be submerged, is that every hunter is a jumper but every jumper is not a hunter. A jumper with any age is not easily converted into a hunter. A hunter with exceptional ability to jump can more easily be converted into a prize jumper.

A jumper in the accepted sense of the word, if he is any good at all, is usually a contest horse. He spends his days of usefulness competing. Height of the obstacle which he can clear, is all that matters. Whether he folds his forehead, or tucks up his hocks, or whether he rushes or bolts are all beside the point. He is a 4'-6" or a 4'-9" or a 5'-3" open jumper and he gets his job done. He plays a lone hand and ten to one, he won't work in a crowd.

The outstanding qualities of a good hunter usually come from blood lines. That is the reason for selective breeding. Predisposition for the work and conformation for utility and not for beauty alone are the usual results.

I have seen many a sixty-dollar troop horse with the heart and soul of an Arab. They are, no doubt, throw-backs, as, from out of the classification of "le gamin", often arises a great man.

Let us then consider the qualities of a good hunter and why they might be found.

For several centuries it has been an accepted fact the world over, that the Thoroughbred possesses the greatest amount of these necessary characteristics.

From the stand-point of conformation, he has a well balanced head, set

on at an angle which enables him to watch hazardous terrain, even at great speed. He has a wide chest, well-spaced forehead and a deep heart girth which mean endurance and efficiency of the pulmonary organs. He has a strong back for bearing weight in speed and hard travelling. He has a high croup which means he can jump. He has splaying hips which will not be hindered by a well-rounded barrel. He has well-muscled hind quarters, sturdy gaskins, well-boned hocks and knees. He has short, flat cannon bones and he has a leg on each corner.

His disposition is usually detected in his eye. They are well-spaced, large and full and show no white.

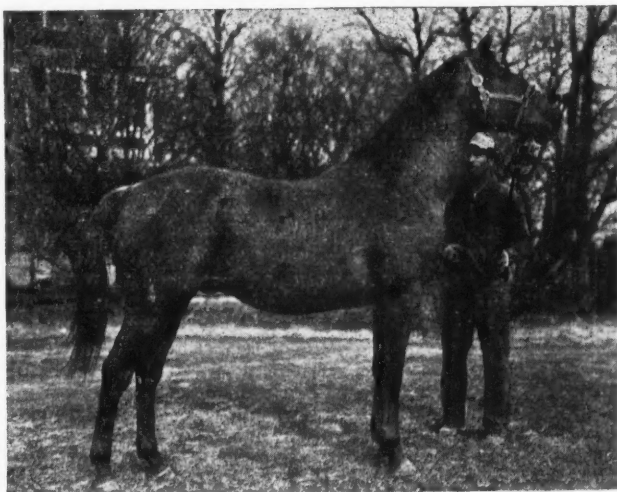
He might have all of this and still not make a hunter. He MUST have the racial characteristics of his ancient sire, the Arab.

A technical description never makes the lasting imprint upon one's understanding as does the same description, colored with romance and fiction. One of the greatest evangelists ever to pay tribute to the horse was General Lew Wallace; the book, Ben-Hur.

The Arabs of Shiek Ilderim are almost human and the reader acquires an indelible knowledge of their noble traits. These beasts seem to sense the innermost thoughts and most important of all, they foresee the strategy of their driver, Juda Ben-Hur. Intelligence, quick thinking, docility, yet spirit on one hand, stamina, endurance and agility on the other are coupled together with an innate sense of loyalty and an ardent devotion to duty. These are the characteristics of a Thoroughbred as inherited from the Arab.

These and not alone the ability to tap timber are the qualities which make a good hunter.

Standing In Virginia



One of the East's most successful stallions, PILATE, stands at Montana Hall, White Post, Virginia. A son of FRIAR ROCK—*HERODIAS, by THE TETRARCH, PILATE has sired 12 2-year-old winners of 22 races this season through November 1st. His outstanding 2-year-old this year was PLATTER, voted the best 2-year-old of 1943 by the Daily Racing Form, The Morning Telegraph, etc.

PILATE'S progeny are winners on both the flat and over brush as shown by LOVELY NIGHT, a stakes winner on the flat and a winner over brush. LOVELY NIGHT now stands at Elsmear Farm in Lexington, Kentucky.

Major Dougherty To Speak From England

Major Graham Dougherty of Berryville, who is stationed in England, will be on an overseas broadcast on Christmas Day from 12:45 to 1:45 p. m. The broadcast will be over a station in Frederick, Md., and Baltimore, and is part of a program from England by Virginia and Maryland men.

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Recognized 1912.



Hunting Appointments

Saturday, December 25 (Christmas) Club House 12:00 A. M.

Tuesday, December 28 Mr. Crego's House 11:00 A. M.

Saturday, January 1 Mr. Fales' House 11:00 A. M.

After the New Year, hounds will hunt every Tuesday and Saturday, weather permitting, until further notice. Time and place of fixture may be ascertained by calling the huntsman, Peapack 1089, the day before.

Kenneth B. Schley, M. F. H.
Richard V. N. Gambrill, Secretary

PHOTOGRAPHER



It is always a picture of the Thoroughbred but seldom a picture of the man behind the camera. The Chronicle has often used the pictures taken by Bert Clark Thayer and here is the photographer himself. One of his best lay-outs submitted to us was a series of pictures of some of Kentucky's stallions, broodmares and breeding establishments.

BUY WAR BONDS!

Tidings From Western Racing Front

In winning the Newspaper handicap at Bay Meadows on Dec. 11 the rugged horse **Bull Reigh** made it 14 triumphs for the year 1943. No other horse on the whole turf did as well. In 1942 the top number of firsts for any one horse was 12. The "Bull" had a hard time getting over the 13th hurdle. Three times he finished second lately in heart breakers—heads and noses.

To gain his 14 purses **Bull Reigh** ran for 3 different owners, started 41 times, drew 7 seconds and 2 thirds, and \$25,000.

Credit for bringing **Bull Reigh** back from the gutter into which he slipped, goes to Hirsch Jacobs, America's leading trainer. He had the horse last winter.

George Woolf rode **Sirde** here last Saturday, then dashed for New Orleans where he rides **Alsab** or something equally good in the \$15,000 New Orleans handicap. **Sirde**, western wonder colt, was "short" Saturday. That's why he was beaten. This in the opinion of Woolf, the trainer Allan Drumheller and the chief clockers.

"Why was he short?"
He was "short on account of the storm."

Sirde was to have worked a mile on Wednesday before the race.

A hurricane blew down the peninsula, wrecked Meadows stables. Result—no horse worked. On Thursday Drumheller intended to work **Sirde**—but he found the race track like pavement, because some of the surface had been blown off the oval by the smoon. So **Sirde** didn't work Thursday. But that night, after the races the track was cut up, and in falling darkness Drumheller sent the colt a very slow five eighths—1.05. That was not enough to fit him.

Sirde made his move, dashing from 14th place to 2nd place in a marvelous run, then "tired as if short."

Autocrat, the Salinas winner fortunately got in a mile work before the storm came up—last Tuesday. "He was the only horse which had an opportunity to work for the race," reported Russell H. Brown, chief of the dawn patrol.

Autocrat, by **Zacaweista** out of **Spooky**, a Tijuana mare, is a fast one, built for speed and not for distance. Won in New York—and was receiving 8 pounds from **Sirde**.

The sum of \$20,000 will be given Air Force Welfare Fund, McClelland Field, Sacramento—by the California Jockey Club this is part of the donations by California Jockey club to War Relief agencies.

High ranking Air officers will receive the funds.

Best coast handicap horse—**War Knight**.

Best coast 3-year-old—**War Knight**.

Best coast 3-year-old filly—**Jerry Lee**.

Best coast juvenile—**Sirde**.

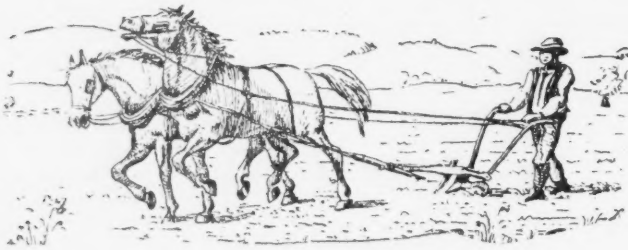
Best coast sprinter—**Smacked**.

Leading western sire, **Bargello**. Former Whitney owned stallion, now stands near the Mexican border, on the Dr. Chest. Wilson ranch, San Ysidro, Calif.

High Quest proyed a bargain in a Lexington sale, going for \$150. That was before the true worth of his son **War Knight**, hero of Meadows meeting, was revealed to the public.

Bay Meadows War Relief meeting, Fall of '43, was able to put into the treasury of the State of California, approximately \$1,000,000. California's share of the mutual handle, created a new record for the northern part of the state, any single meeting. The 3 War Time Bay Meadows meetings have raised for the State of California more than Two Million Dollars.

FARMING in WAR TIME



Dairymen Fight Bang's Disease

New York State dairymen are preventing much of the loss of milk production due to Bang's disease by a control program in their herds.

About 2,000 additional herds have been enrolled in the control program in the past two months, compared with an increase of 800 herds under the program in a similar period last fall.

The recent summary from the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry shows that 12,301 herds in New York State are under supervision, and 9,000 calves in the last two months have been vaccinated for protection against disease.

Loss of milk production from Bang's disease has been costing the nation \$30,000,000 a year.

The Bang's control program in New York State consists of two parts: blood testing and vaccination. Once each year the herds are blood-tested to detect cattle infected with the disease. These are eventually removed from the farms. All calves in the herds are vaccinated at the age of 4 to 6 months, to make them immune to the disease. These protected animals, when grown, replace the infected cattle as milk producers.

The state pays the cost of vaccinating the calves, under the plan, and the cattle owner or the county pays for the annual blood test of the herd. Most counties in New York State have appropriated funds for this work.

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Ration Points

GASOLINE—In 17 east coast states A-1 coupons are good through February 8. In states outside the east coast area A-9 coupons are good through January 21.

SUGAR—Stamp No. 29 in Book Four is good for 5 pounds through January 15.

SHOES—Stamp No. 18 in Book One is good for 1 pair. Stamp No. 1 on the "airplane" sheet in Book Three is good for 1 pair.

MEATS, FATS—Brown stamps L, M, N, P, and Q are good through January 1, 1944. Brown stamp R becomes good December 26 and remains good through January 29.

PROCESSED FOODS—Green stamps D, E, and F in Book Four are good through January 20.

FUEL OIL—Period 1 coupons are good in all regions through January 3. Period 2 coupons are good through February 7 in all areas except the South, where they are good through January 24. Period 3 coupons, now valid in the Middle West and South, remain good through March 13 in the Middle West and through February 21 in the South. Period 3 coupons become valid in the East and far West, January 4.

Wartime Christmas Radio Programs

On Christmas Eve, men and women of the American armed forces in every quarter of the globe will hear three hours of special Christmas radio programs, featuring entertainment stars, name bands, and personal greetings from the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and high officers of the various services. On Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, the people on the home front will hear programs from soldiers overseas, including a chorus of 200 American soldiers in the Holy Land, a Christmas-tree decorating from an island in the South Pacific, and midnight mass from some place behind the battle lines in Italy.

Quick Word To Next-of-Kin

Next-of-kin of servicemen who have been taken prisoner by the enemy will receive swift and accurate notification, the Office of War Information has announced. The government immediately will transmit free any accurate information from a reliable source dealing with prisoners of war. OWI warned against reliability of enemy broadcasts and against paying any private individual or organization for such information.

Some Butter Prices Increased

Consumers will pay 1 or 2 cents more a pound for butter in most smaller independent stores as a result of a recent amendment to the butter price regulation by OPA allowing jobbers a mark-up of 2½ cents a pound to pay extra costs of many small deliveries.

Enrich Other Bakery Products

The food enrichment already applied to white bread will be extended to coffee cakes, sweet buns, plain rolls, doughnuts, and all other types of yeast-raised commercial bakery products. Beginning January 15, in addition to white bread, these products must contain specified minimum food values to the extent white flour is used. The amendment to the food order also provides that consumers of bakery products cannot for any reason return bakery products they have bought.

Get Fertilizers Now, Say Advisers

Acceptance by farmers of immediate delivery of fertilizer—to avoid an acute labor, storage, and transportation shortage next spring—has been urged by the Fertilizer Industry Advisory Committee. If there is to be any relief next spring, farmers must get their fertilizer in the next few weeks. This is especially true of the heavy-using areas of the South.

Shifts Control of Farm Wages

The War Food Administrator hereafter will have jurisdiction over all wages of agricultural labor and over all salaries of agricultural laborers of \$5,000 per year and less. Judge Fred M. Vinson, Director of the Office of Economic Stabilization, has announced. Wages and salaries for agricultural labor above \$2,400 a year remain frozen and cannot be increased without prior approval of

the War Food Administrator. Increases up to \$2,400 may be made without prior approval unless the War Food Administrator has established specific wage ceilings for such labor. When the War Food Administrator legally sets wage ceilings for areas, crops, or types of labor, no payments can be made above those rates without his approval, even though higher wages have been paid according to previous contract. However, there is to be no reduction below the highest wages or salaries paid therefore between January 1, 1942 and September 15, 1942.

To Kill Gas Black Markets

In a new drive on gasoline black markets, OPA has asked distributors to "screen out" irregular coupons—any coupons that are counterfeit, expired, not yet valid, or not endorsed by the motorist. Filling stations also will be required to make good irregular coupons, and their inventory will be cut down by the amount of irregular coupons passed on to the wholesaler. Endorsement of coupons by motorists as soon as they receive ration books will aid OPA in proving that black market stations have purchased coupons to cover up illegal sales.

Use Right Stamp For Shoes

Because some people have used the wrong stamps in Book Three for shoes, OPA has issued the following statement: "War Ration Book Three has four pages of black picture stamps showing guns, tanks, ships, and airplanes. The page of airplane stamps is next to the brown food stamps in the back of Book Three." The shoe stamp shows a miniature airplane in flight and is labelled "Ration Stamp No. 1." This stamp came into use on November 1, and it will remain valid indefinitely, along with Stamp 18 in Ration Book One.

Plans To Save Truck Tires

Truck tire inspections will be double-checked to see that every tire in service gives its last possible mile of wear to essential commercial transportation before being replaced, OPA stated recently. Central Truck Tire Inspection Stations will be provided in about 200 cities in areas where truck registrations are heavy. These privately owned and operated stations will re-examine all tires recommended for replacement by of-

ficial OPA tire inspectors, and will return to service tires still good for more miles. Fixed fees to cover operating expenses will be charged by the stations. Tubes to be replaced need not be inspected.

U. S. Has Big Wheat Carry-Over

The wheat carry-over in the U. S. on July 1, 1943 was 618 million bushels and for July 1, 1944 is estimated at 300 million bushels, according to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. This is in sharp contrast to the 40 million for 1918 and 85 million for 1919. Large supplies and reduced exports have made available record quantities for feed and industrial alcohol production in this war.

War Expenditures Increase

U. S. war expenditures for November went to a new high of \$7,794,000,000, an increase of 689 million dollars, or nearly 10 percent, over October, WPB has reported. The average daily rate of expenditures for war purposes was close to the 300-million-dollar mark in November.

More Refrigerators Coming

Increased ice refrigerator quotas for the first three months of 1944—40,000 more than for the last quarter of this year—have been set by the War Production Board. This increased production is expected to care for the increased need for ice refrigerators, due to the unavailability of mechanical refrigerators.

WFA RATIONS WELL CASING

Sheet metal water well casing is now rationed, according to WFA. However, an exemption of \$100 per well is allowed so that farmers needing small amounts for supplies or maintenance, or for sinking small wells, will not be required to obtain ration certificates. Persons wishing to use a quantity of the casing costing more than \$100 (retail value) for any one well will be required to obtain a purchase certificate from their County Farm Rationing Committee.

Continued on Page Nineteen

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The Thoroughbred is the most numerous registered breed of horses in the world. Selected through twenty generations for special characteristics it is genetically the most assertive of all breeds. Since soundness of heart and efficiency of action are primary standards of selection, the Thoroughbred has proven highly adaptable for

the establishment and improvement of other breeds and types. From American Thoroughbred nurseries scattered widely throughout many states, the Race Courses receive each year a new crop of juveniles. In the fierce competition of racing these youngsters are tried for class and soundness and thus fall into groups indicative of their comparative worth as perpetuators of the strain. Back on the breeding farm their worth is further tested by trial and error until the best have been recognized and the worst discarded. The improvement of the breed is a continuous process - from farm to track and back again, with the individual animal always under scrutiny, always subject to elevation or discard according to demonstrated worthiness.



DOMINION OF CANADA



Since the beginning, man has concerned himself primarily with two things: to survive, first, and then to enjoy himself. An early alliance was made with the horse, a partnership which has consistently contributed to man's progress and to his enjoyment of living.

The earliest chronicles of England refer to horses, and in these heroic days when the fighting unit was a knight in full armor, the heavy horse was of necessity the desirable type, but at Agincourt in 1415, when English archers overwhelmed the mailed and helmeted flower of France, the merely ponderous succumbed to the agile. So it was that speed and maneuverability became the criterion by which war horses were selected.

Quite sensibly, the English turned to the desert horse, whose reputation for fleetness and stamina was well established. The blood of the Arab, Barb and Turk was brought to England in quantity, and from this influx of swiftness developed an absorbing interest in tests of speed.

As early as the reign of Henry VIII there was a Royal Stud, and most of the English monarchs since that time have interested themselves in the breeding of horses. There were regular speed trials at Chertsey during the sixteenth century, and in 1595 a definite race course was laid out at Doncaster. However, there is no record of horses having been kept as casually for racing until about 1625, during the reign of Charles I.

Of the many Eastern stallions introduced into England in those early days, only three made lines survive today. These founders were the Byerly Turk, a black charger ridden by Captain Byerly during the Irish wars; the Godolphin Arabian, foaled about 1724, and the Darley Arabian, brought to England by Thomas Darley and sent to England in 1734.

From these three patriarchs came their offspring, *Whisper*, *Heard* and *Eclipse*, the progenitors of the early lines of present-day thoroughbreds. *Matchem*, the grandson of the Godolphin Arabian, was foaled in 1716. *Heard*, the great-grandson of the Byerly Turk and foaled in 1729, was unbeaten during his first three seasons of racing, and *Eclipse*, foaled in 1724, the great-grandson of the Darley Arabian, was never defeated.

From importations of English bloodlines, the American Turf established its roots in the Colonies of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas. As early as 1734, Carolinians conducted racing. Records show the appearance of the sport in Virginia five years later, while Marylanders thrived to the summertime of the bugle in 1745, at Annapolis.

There was important racing on Long Island soon in 1805, but for a long while it was pursued most enthusiastically in the South. By 1810, however, many courses had been established near the New York metropolitan area, and an era followed during which the American Turf had a most interesting and robust growth. Racing grew rapidly in popularity, as a succession of good and great horses captured the public's imagination.

Since the early days, the Sport of Sports has found a general favor and hospitality in America that has enabled it to overcome occasional adverse winds, until today it is established as the favorite recreation of millions. Its banners have been carried by such turf gladiators as the immortal Lexington and the mercurial Dominion, the international champions *Forli*, *Impregnable* and *Pompey*, and such contemporary idols as *Exterminator* and *Mon a Wat*. It is their courage, stoutness and stamina exhibiting them as True Thoroughbreds.

A Sportsman's GUIDE TO THE PRINCIPAL RACE COURSES IN AMERICA.



DECEMBER 18 FIXTURE OF BLUE RIDGE AND ROCK HILL HOUNDS
(Photo by Levi)



Meeting twice weekly, M. F. H. A. Mackay Smith of the Blue Ridge Hunt and the Rock Hill Hounds has been furnishing sport to followers this fall. The December 18 fixture was at The Cliff, home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Byrd near Millwood. Top, Mrs. Edward B. Jenkins chats with Mrs. Byrd, pictured center are Walter C. Lee, Capt. Ewart Johnston and Mrs. Billy Greenhalgh, Jr. Lower left, Howard Gardiner, huntsman of the Blue Ridge, is shown with the pack and right, hounds move off.

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Horsemen And The Army

By Louis A. Nelson

Probably nothing discourages the soldier stationed with a horse outfit more than the attitude some civilians and even military personnel from other branches have toward this work.

They continually register surprise when they learn that horses still play a role in the army and further embarrass the soldier by asking ridiculous questions. All of which tends to leave the horseman with a sense of utter futility.

Another vexing problem the horseman in uniform has to contend with is the discarding of proven pet theories that he may have regarding the handling and care of horses that doesn't conform to the rigid military procedure. This factor alone can assume serious proportions, sometimes causing extreme bitterness and friction.

Happily, however, this situation is being remedied and isn't so prevalent any more. The advent of a large number of crack horsemen into the commissioned ranks have changed these circumstances to some extent. When subordinates under their jurisdiction show marked ability in good horse management, they are usually given a free hand.

One of the greatest lessons derived by the military horseman during his term of service is the practice of the strictest economy as prescribed by the army in stable management.

Used to knee deep bedding and a

rack continually filled with hay for his horses as a civilian, he soon learns that the army texts have their own version. Getting along on a five pound straw allowance as well as stretching fourteen pounds of hay to make it last around the clock presents quite a problem. Furthermore every ounce of forage must be strictly accounted for at periodic intervals.

But withal it's not a bad life for the soldier horseman and he usually is only too grateful to be able to handle horses again—even G. I. horses.

Undoubtedly when victory is won, and returning service men now in the horse branches return to their civilian pursuits there will probably be visible manifestation of the military trend in horse circles everywhere. The more tangible of these will no doubt be a more popular use and understanding of the military seat and hands, as well as some changes in stable operations.

I trust I have presented herein a fair picture of what our horsemen are doing in the service. This, however, is by no means the whole story. Due to everchanging events the finished tale must necessarily remain unwritten until the war's end. I hope I'm lucky enough to be around at that momentous occasion and possibly help write the complete story of our horsemen at war. I'm certain it would make good reading.

Fort Leavenworth

Continued from Page One

in Leavenworth and Eighteenth Street in Kansas City. In the earlier history of Leavenworth it was hazardous to walk along North Third Street. In the '20's it was a treat, rather like a minstrel show.

In spite of all the social uplift and the excellent provisions that were made for them, they still retained all of their colorful racial characteristics such as an inherent desire to gamble with dice and to vie for the affections of each other's girl friends. Their Olympiad in this respect was the annual picnic on Arsenal Hill, July 28th.

Many of them were totally illiterate. While some schooling was available to them, the name on the old pay roll was sufficient for most of them. These names were, of course, listed alphabetically, surname first and that was the manner in which they usually addressed each other. There was Parker, G., Moye, I., Morrison, G., McKissick, D., and most delightful of all, there was Sergeant Isaac Harris, known as Harris, I. He could pick an object up off the floor without bending over but looks weren't important as he had only one love in life and that was horses. Harris, I. could make a Christian out of any ill-behaved horse and that was his perpetual detail. A horse's general outlook was completely reconstructed when Harris, I. turned him back to the troop.

Then there were names like One-Round Lee who lasted only one round in an inter-troop contest; there was Ham-Fat Jones who was hefty; there was Hidden-Chest O'Neil who was stoop shouldered and there was Fresh-Water Johnson who didn't like liquor. There were also more esthetic names like Quo-

Vadis Davis and Cresoline Baker and Americas Saunders.

Of the volumes of tales which emerged in a steady stream from this dark community, the following one, which is quite true, is one of the most fantastic.

One free afternoon which happened to be pay day, the old racial urge to roll the bones came to the surface as it usually did when the pockets were jingling. There was a wonderful hedge row of Osage Orange at the base of Reservoir Hill which provided a shield from casual riders but was not too impossible for their Model T Ford. Having guilty consciences, they decided that everyone would know their plans unless they provided a sham. So they talked loudly of a hunting expedition, gathered up their guns and departed, six of them in Model T touring.

A little later, their muffled, though excited cries of "You's faded", "Snake Eyes", "Box Cars", "A Natural", and so forth could probably have been heard along Sheridan Drive.

Suddenly the very earth seemed halted in its revolutions by a hue and cry which permeated the air with terror. It started on a low, base note where it lingered for thirty seconds, then rose to a shrieking, chromatic crescendo which froze one's blood in his veins.

It was the dread siren of the Federal Prison announcing to the citizenry for a radius of twenty miles that some of its inmates had departed without clearance papers.

It is not hard to imagine the looks of fear, black and glossy, as they stared at each other, frozen with terror. Then they gathered up their guns, their dice and their working capital, dashed across the alfalfa field to their car, which had to be

cranked, and started back.

They had gone only a few miles when three animated suits of prison denim rose up out of the weeds and dived for the car.

War is one thing to a professional soldier but escaping convicts are quite another matter. It had not occurred to the troopers to engage their fire arms until it was too late.

As their car was none too efficient and by this time slightly crowded, the soldiers were held as hostages only until they encountered a roomier car of later vintage. But their guns and cash were a definite asset to the fleeing convicts.

After a three-day battle with guards and volunteer citizens, the fugitives were extinguished and it became another tragic episode in prison history.

The closing chapter was written at

the Barbecue stand on Deep Third in Leavenworth. There was an occasional, sacreligious "Why didn't ya —?" Otherwise the sextet revealed in glory as their oft retold tale gained volume like a snow ball rolling down hill.

The interesting side lights of the story seeped out with the help of the wives and women friends who were employed as maids in town. Their version varied slightly from the newspaper accounts.



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Monmouth Hounds

Continued from Page One

I haven't missed a day to hounds because of it, which makes the whole thing pretty ridiculous.

The Haskell's are carrying the entire burden of the hunt these days, keeping the pack going for the children and people on leave, and therefore we only hunt Saturdays and occasional bye days. It makes my blood boil to see our field disappear in times of stress, yet I will bet the minute hostilities cease, they'll all re-appear and try to run things, with nary a word of thanks to the Haskell's for the time and money they've put in to keep the pack going. Frankly, I think the pack should be a private one. I could say a lot more about these so-called sportsmen, but I guess I've said enough.

Our cubbing is always in the vicinity of the Kennels and around the race course, but we old die hards feel hunting is really well under way when we go out into the country. Armistice Day found us at Phalanx. Hare were plentiful—3 big native jacks and 2 black tailed Okies (Oklahoma hare). Scent was catchy (it was very warm), but hounds worked well. One we found on the John T. Cross farm. She ran west, made a big circle north, through the Hunt and Johnson farms, the field going full open to keep up. We drew north and west, nearly to the Montrose country and back, running all 5 hares and having a nice day.

Phalanx used to be one of our best fixtures, but each year a bit more wire creeps in and now it seems every fence is wired, hunt panels too. I hope the inability to buy it now will help us by getting people to fence with rails once again.

Saturday, November 13th found us at Miss Harding's in Holmdel. The Master took hounds right up to the Prentice place to draw the north woods for a fox but with no luck. The Prentice's is one of our largest farms, divided into 4 or 5 smaller holdings, all pasture land and completely fenced with post and rail and sheep hurdles, and not a bit of wire. We got up a hare on the north farm. She ran due south for a couple of miles to the mail farm, where Bill Foales loves to get out in front and give us all a real ride over a big, trappy fence off the drive and on over 3 or 4 more, as fast as we could go to the old Maher Farm where hounds checked, after a 2-mile point. Here headlands kept us on the hill which afforded us a grand view of hounds casting themselves, working a difficult line to finally get our hare up again. She turned back and we had another good ride. Later we came back to draw again and got up a brace and a half.

In past years, hunting 4 and 5 days a week, the pack was split into 2 separate packs, one of the dogs, the other the bitches. Smith, the Kennel huntsman, being a true Englishman and hound man, is notoriously fond of his little ladies. Meaning to be complimentary, I told him how well "his little darlings" were working, but received a very scathing reply, "They're NOT me little darlings. They're mixed"!!!

Saturday, November 20th we went to Phalanx again, the field smaller by one, as our "racing" man, Bill Foales, was away at the Lexington sales, and what a day he missed. We found our good jack on the Cross Farm. She gave us a similar run to 10 days before, continuing north to the Hoey Farm. We galloped down the drive to find the bridge out. It was a nasty looking place heaped

with debris and rocks, so most of us turned into the pasture via a gate, jumped the creek, trying to find a way to get to hounds, and Jimmy Reynolds found it—with a vengeance! A simply indescribable place onto the road with a drop, all on a slant and a wire strand 6" above the whole mess. He was up on the Ruthrauff's good Stead Fast, a 21-year-old and looking half his age. (What a horse he has been! Gerald Balding brought him from England for the Allison Sterns from whom Mr. Ruthrauff acquired him). Over he went, so I kicked my old pig, and followed by Mike Henryhan, the 3 of us disappeared and soon caught up with hounds. And what a grin Jimmy had—for the last we saw of the field was one stopping horse after another. And what a feeling that gives one—stopping the field!

Meanwhile the hare had circled east to the Riorden Farm where we lost her, having made a fast 3 or 4-mile point.

One always used to look with anticipation when the Jerseyville meet was on the card—lots of hare and lots of jumping. But it is 20 miles from the Kennels and we no longer ship to all the meets the way we did in the good old "golden" days. However, the Master arranged to stable the hunt and family horses and hounds at the Stern's in Scobeyville, which is half way, and both meets over Thanksgiving week-end found us out in the Jerseyville-Freehold district. After 2 years, it was pretty exciting to be hunting there once again and it was certainly worth the trouble. The Gibson fields drew blank, which was a disappointment as they always used to be a sure find. But we drew on and 15 minutes later we got up a big native jack near the

railroad. She gave us a nice run, both fast and with a good chance to view fine hound work. Unfortunately nearly every darn one of our panels and coops had an invisible strand of wire a foot above it, so someone had to pull up to take it down, which slowed us up a bit. This wire situation is simply terrible, hurts sport and is dangerous. In these gasless days, it is impossible to keep up the endless round of seeing the farmers and checking up on wire and the other usual odds and ends. Luckily Mr. Haskell's "good neighbor" policy has been so fine in past years that all our farmers continue to be hospitable and friendly. However, the wire situation is bad. I wonder if other hunts are facing the same problems and if so, how they are met.

We got up 1½ brace more hare that day and had nice runs on them, accounting for one Okie. It was nice to see Mr. William Sprague of Virginia following the hunt for a bit and hope he'll be able to come out again, though on a horse next time. He and Betty are living in Rumson while he has a job with the Navy, which unfortunately keeps him all too busy.

Met at Freehold Saturday, a lovely warm day to hack, but not as good for hunting, though we found a brace and had a fair day and plenty of jumping.

On December 4th we met at Holmdel again. It was the only day we found blank. It was also distressing as we ran into a new farmer who didn't seem to appreciate "all them horses and dawgs".

Being sour grapes, I was glad the cold kept us indoors as I have been one of the unfortunates with flu, but hope to be out Wednesday. Lizzy

Knapp has also been on the ground with a sprained ankle received larking a few weeks ago.

Fourteen-year-old Isabelle Haskell has been going beautifully this year on her "new" mare Cross Country. This mare came to the country when Eddie Quinn (of Prince Charming and Woodfellow fame), bought her from Helen Bedford (now Mrs. Arthur McCashin). When Mr. Ruthrauff made his famous tour a' la Jorrock to Virginia, he bought her as an extra hunter. The Haskell's then acquired her for Smith and now she's giving Isabelle a lot of fun, goes straight as a dye and is very keen. Isabelle is certainly to be commended as her hunting manners in the field are perfect and unlike most children who go well, she's neither cocky, rude or know it all.

A new addition to the hunt is Mr. Tuller who happened to meet the hunt one day while hacking and now never misses a meet. He has a young 4-year-old from Virginia and it is quite a sight to see the two of them, both green as grass, going so well and keeping up with all of us who are so old at the game. Our fences are so big and trappy that our country is really no place for green horses or riders, and it is therefore particularly commendable to see this kind out, so game and so keen.

Before I close I'd like to say a word about our "racing" Bill Foales. Since the war curtailed polo entirely and cut down on hunting, he has collected a string of race horses, doing well in the cheap races. His pride and joy is a 2-year-old Sting colt, Flying Wasp, who won at Jamaica on a Wednesday and came back to win again Saturday. He likes him so much that he bought another

Continued on Page Seventeen



CUT MORE PULPWOOD

No boy shall die because we failed



Pulp Helps To Make Christmas Brighter For Men In Service

Pulpwood is helping make Christmas brighter for American service men all over the world this year. And the backwoods pulpwood cutter, though he probably doesn't realize it, has enabled Santa Claus to get around his greatly expanded circuit on time.

The Loblolly pine of the South and the great spruce of the North have contributed to the 1943 Christmas party in the Solomons, on the Mediterranean, or at a Flying Fortress base in Britain.

The million of gifts—tenderly wrapped by mothers, wives and sweethearts—and the millions of letters carrying Christmas cheer to our fighting men everywhere, were all encased in pulpwood. Not logs, of course, but paper or paper-board made from pulpwood.

Never before has this country had so many sons, husbands and fathers so far away from home as at this Christmas. And so never before have the Post Office Department, the War and Navy Departments handled so much foreign-bound mail.

The Post Office Department reports that it dispatched more than 21,000,000 individual Christmas packages this season to soldiers, sailors and marines in all theatres of war overseas and at all posts outside the United States.

Letters were running 18,000,000 daily for weeks before Christmas.

The American Red Cross had sent 750,000 Yule packages to injured service men in scattered Army and naval hospitals and to isolated units of American troops, thousands of miles both from home and from their own supply bases.

Some of these Christmas packets no doubt were dropped on isolated

outposts via the paper parachute—also made of pulpwood—which was recently approved by the Navy Department for use in delivering supplies from airplanes.

Thousands of American prisoners of war will receive special packages of food and clothing from the American Red Cross on Christmas. Ten thousand Yule packets containing food delicacies and cigarettes were shipped to them weeks ago. And these, too, were wrapped in pulpwood.

It would be impossible to estimate how many cords of pulpwood were required to turn out the paperboard and the wrapping paper, the letter paper and the holiday cards which were used by millions of families and friends of men in service. But it would run well into the thousands.

Currently almost half of the total domestic pulpwood output—which may reach 13,000,000 cords this year—goes into the large variety of containers, packing cases, shell casings, and wrapping paper used to protect the equipment and supplies shipped overseas. These, however, are delivered daily, not just at Christmas.

Many of these containers are so constructed that they protect food from spoilage in extreme temperatures or when these paperboard boxes are dumped overboard to float ashore. They also safeguard blood plasma kits, first aid dressings, and surgical instruments.

Specially treated wrapping paper similarly protects replacement parts for fighter planes and Flying Fortresses, tanks, parts and guns.

Brig. Gen. E. E. MacMorland, of the Office of the Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., whose job it is to see that military supplies are properly prepared for shipment, recently called paper, "one of the sinews of war."

"The Ordnance Department is using great quantities of the acid-free, greaseproof wrapping papers successfully developed to protect metal sur-

faces from corrosion," he said. "Army Ordnance is using from 12 to 15 million square yards a month, enough to cover perhaps 25 thousand other Army agencies and the Navy are using additional amounts.

"All this war use has necessitated rapid expansion of production of critical types of paper products. Two years ago, I understand, the paper industry produced something like 4,000 tons of waterproof paper; today, more than 230,000 tons.

"At the start of the war there was no fibreboard capable of withstanding the rigors of wartime export shipping; today, the new V-boards and other special waterproof fibreboards are carrying a greater part of the Army's ammunition, subsistence, and other supplies.

"The weapons which Army Ordnance sends the men are reaching them now in good-as-new condition.

And so American pulpwood goes to war and to the stalwart Americans who are driving back the Axis troops at Christmas time.

A Patton Defender

Continued from Page Four

But, it may be fairly said, the innumerable times he was right, and the soldiers he inspired are more than enough to "cover a multitude of sins."

The late Gen. William Mitchell, who also lived and hunted with Patton at Middleburg, appreciated Patton thoroughly and many times said to me: "George Patton is one of the best officers in the army. He will be chief of cavalry." Some of us, who were friends of Billy Mitchell, will recall the difficult time he had defending him. But we have since been vindicated by history. So it will be with George Patton.

John E. Hughes.

BUY WAR BONDS!

Monmouth Hounds

Continued from Page Sixteen

Sting 2-year-old colt at Pimlico. I'm very keen on the Wasp too, so I wrangled the other colt Stinger, out of Bill, though he'll never see a track, as we're making him to hunt. And what a kidding I've gotten! Every one has seen me on my old Flying Boy for so many years. So now they all tell me how well my 2-year-old is going when old Flying Boy does anything.

At Lexington Bill got 2 yearling colts and 2 fillies, both 2-year-olds. The colts are particularly nice, a Ramanure chestnut, very flashy, and a funny little brown Apprehension colt. It's quite a sight to see Bill out HACKING with his 5 race horses with all the little colored boys up.

Lizzy Knapp also has a new horse, having had to put her good Little Ralph, rest his soul, down last summer. He's a 7-year-old hunter she got from the Vaughan's with which she's very pleased.

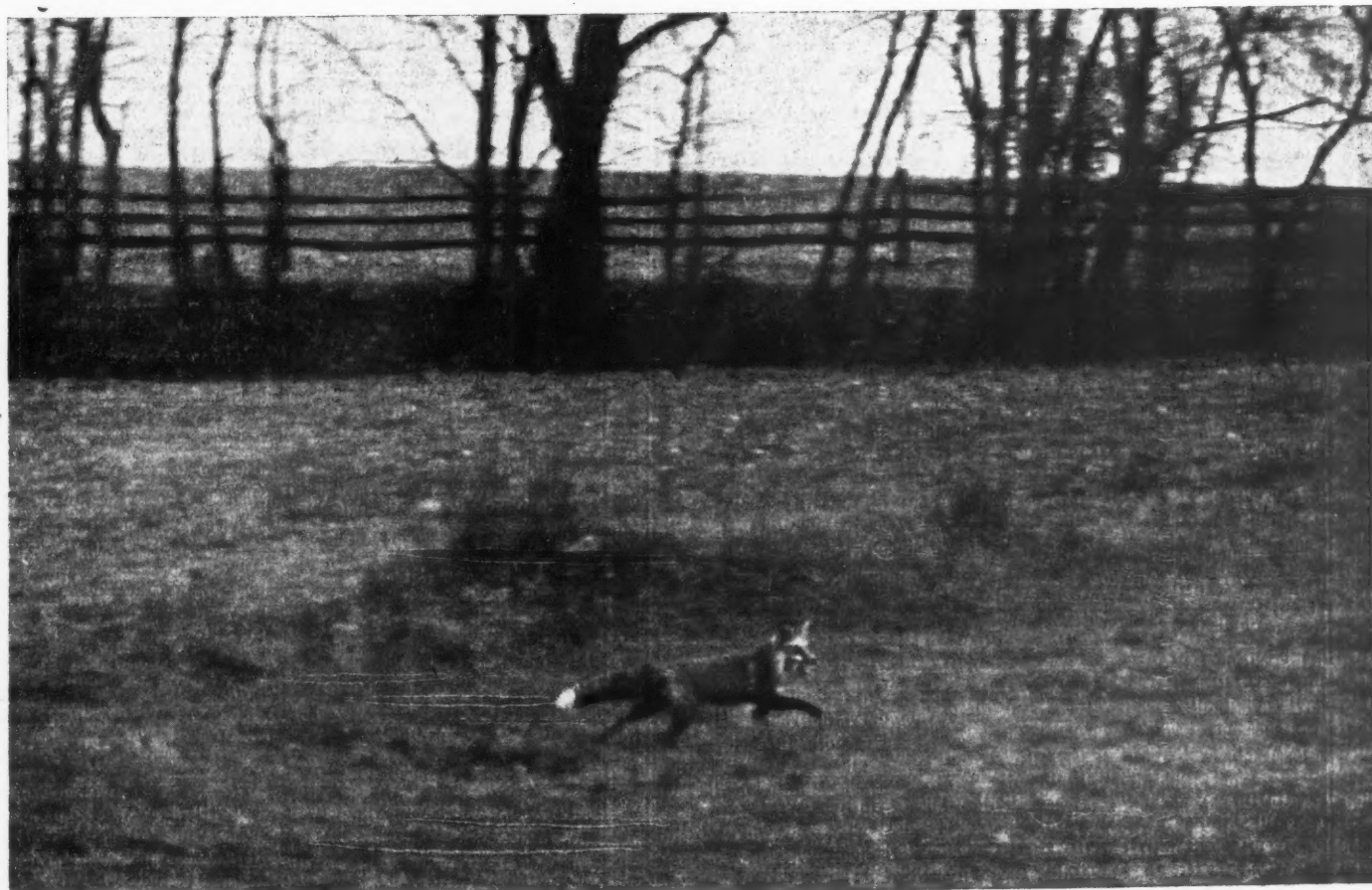
Margaret Haskell never misses a day. Anne hasn't been out so much, and of course, Bill is always there "When they drop the hat" on the best of them all, Colonel. We miss Mrs. Haskell, Eddie Keakes and Florence Ruthrauff Rappalyea, who won't be out this year as she has just become a very proud mother. Bob Lowe is down from duty with the RCAF and has gone so very well, especially considering he's not been on a horse in so long.

And of course, we sorely miss all our members in the service: Gaddis Plum on his 4th year in the RAF; Harry Welles, Michael Erlanger, Harry Neuberger and so many more. Hope the New Year will bring them all back to a peaceful world.



Keep on Backing the Attack with your purchases of WAR BONDS. Give War Bonds for Christmas.

Greetings From "Reynard"



Many Activities Are Planned At Pinehurst For Christmas Holiday

A real holiday spirit will prevail at Pinehurst, North Carolina in the form of an open golf tournament, chip shot contest, 7th annual mid-winter horse show, (December 31), two polo games during the holidays, a Christmas and New Year's Eve dance and two children's parties.

A committee of women headed by Mrs. J. Stillman Rockefeller and Mrs. James H. Walker are filling gay red stockings with personal gifts that a mother would send, to be given on Christmas to boys hospitalized at Camp Mackall who have no immediate family. The Red Cross assistant field director and her staff will direct the distribution.

The Pinehurst midwinter horse show will have eight classes and bring together the equestrian group of the Sandhills, where riding and driving hold a close 2nd place to golf. Events will be open jumping, pair jumping, horsemanship 15 years of age or under, horsemanship-lady riders, best pair, best bridle path backs, lightweight hunters over the outside course and middle and heavy-weight hunters over same course. Lloyd M. Tague, director of the Pinehurst stables, will be in charge of the show. James M. Tufts heads equestrian activities in Pinehurst.

Post-War Racing

Continued from Page One

Easton, Shifting Sands II, Gino, Halcyon Gift, Rhodes Scholar, Jacopo, Chrysler II, Boswell, Hypnotist II, Isolator, Ambrose Light, Bel Aethel, Challenger II, Foray II, Soon Over and still others have been brought here. They represent many of the most successful lines of England and, coupled with what we had, rank us as the number one nation of the world in Thoroughbred production, a ranking England held for two hundred and fifty years prior to the present war.

English breeders have paid fabulous prices for broodmares and weanlings during the past year, but with each passing season, her stallions and mares are passing on and with drastic curtailment in racing and breeding, her Thoroughbred population has steadily been reduced. Hyeron and others rank with the world's best sires, but they can serve only forty mares annually.

Many are of the opinion the mother country will turn to us for aid in the rebuilding of her Thoroughbred population. With the Jersey Act still in force, what good would our horses be to her breeders? True, American-bred horses can run in every race staged in England, with the exception of one. But beyond those which have been imported, our horses are still "tainted", insofar as General Stud Book is concerned and would be frowned on by English breeders who produce with an eye on the export market. Recently, a group of British breeders endeavored to buy Bahram back, but the offer was promptly turned down. The transportation of horses by air will be improved a thousand-fold after the war and that may aid our British cousins, as mares can be shipped here, bred to a fashionable stallion and shipped back. But, if England will actually ask our help in rebuilding it is almost a foregone conclusion that the Jersey Act will have to be rescinded. If England proceeds with

Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

is not and never has been a failure as a sire. From any at-all-impartial standpoint he has been a success from the time his first get came out.

The "failure" label which it was attempted to paste upon him was a bogus one. The pasting was done not in the interest of better breeding but from malicious motives.

The present writer has always stuck by Reigh Count, through thick and thin, believing him in the first place to be one of the best race horses of this century; and, in the second, certain of success as a sire.

As regards Quickly, the dam of Count, Fleet, is there anything anomalous about her to anybody informed upon breeding history and records?

For does not this history, do not these records, swarm with instances of unfashionably bred or unwanted mares that have produced champions?—not mere "horses of the year" but those of enduring greatness whose name and fame are monumental?

Yea, verily.

In these regards, Count Fleet is just another exhibit in a museum so full of them that annexes have had to be built on, again and again, in order to accommodate the overflow.

Breeding, always replete with fallacies, has never perpetrated a greater one than the idea that racing—or breeding—greatness comes only from fashionable sires and dams and cannot legitimately be expected from unfashionable sources.

Not merely this whole issue of The Chronicle could be filled with citations of historic instances which give the lie to that proposition:

A whole bunch of them would be necessary to set forth, with any attempt at presenting their case completely, what might be called "the whole story."

When viewed in the large it is difficult to exaggerate the damage which the two categories of "fashionable" and "unfashionable" have done to breeding progress.

For, let it be borne in mind, the constant struggle has been, on the one hand, to elevate breeding into what, if not a true science, is as nearly worthy of that epithet as possible.

While there are not two words in the language more grossly unscientific, in all their meanings and implications, than "fashionable" and "unfashionable."

Those terms are, on the contrary, the negation of any and everything in any way worthy of the terminology of science.

Nothing could be more of a travesty, a joke, a reductio ad absurdum, than the introduction of such terms into any handbook or biology, heredity, genetics or any allied subject.

To designate, in one of them, that this, that or the other was "fashionable" or "unfashionable" would at once cashier the entire production from any claim upon the intelligence or the respect of the reader.

Yet—Thoroughbred breeding has been reduced very largely to those two very terms of "fashionable" and "unfashionable."

And still breeders wonder why it remains a hodge-podge and not a science!

her own stock as the foundation, it may mean many years before her production again becomes normal.

Sedgefield Hunt

Continued from Page Three

bers in the delightful fashion that only the Watkins, Ayers, and Adams know. The hospitality was so enjoyable that a great many lingered on until late in the afternoon, and then seemed to leave with regret that leaving was necessary.

A fixture was scheduled for Thursday, December 16, and extreme cold and a high wind caused Master Rochelle and Huntsman Thomas to decide that it was useless to take hounds out and therefore the two, together with the only Hunt member showing up—young Claude Sutton—decided to try hacking where they could select a territory to be sheltered from the severe cold wind.

Hunt members as a whole sympathized especially with Lieutenant J. Welch Harriss, home on leave for a week and knocked out with the flu the second day he was home and still unable to be out. Lieutenant Harriss was one of our most interested and loyal members prior to entering the service, and everyone grieved over his phenomenal bad luck.

We are all so glad that Joint Master Earl N. Phillips is again able to be out, although somewhat crippled for the time being. With two broken ribs, a smashed pelvis and a dislocated shoulder, he has recovered more rapidly than anyone could hope for.

To all Sedgefield Hunt Members scattered over the earth in the Armed Services the ones that are "either too young or too old" send their heartfelt Christmas Greetings.

—T. V. R.

Fixtures For December

Saturday, Dec. 18. Live Hunt casting from the Edward Armstrong Estate, 9:30 a. m.

Monday, Dec. 27. Live Hunt, casting from Adams' Farm, 2:30 p. m.

Wednesday, Dec. 29. Live Hunt, casting from Sedgefield Stables at 9:30 a. m.

Saturday, Jan. 1, New Year's Hunt, casting from Adams' Farm at 2:30

New England Horsemen Present Awards For 1943 Championships

At the New England Horsemen's Dinner and Dance, November 20th, held at the Hotel Bond Roof Ballroom in Hartford, Connecticut with a fine attendance composed of horse-lovers from six states, the following 1943 New England Championships were awarded, (horsemanship, hunter, jumper and stock horses are noted). Excellent trophies and ribbons donated by the Hartford Horse Show Association and donations from other major New England Horse Show members of the American Horse Shows Association, and friends were presented to the following New England owned horses or riders based on winner having earned the highest total of points at the major 1943 New England Horse Shows, all of which were members of the A. H. S. A.

1943 New England Champion Horsemanship Winner—Sally Robbins, Longmeadow, Mass.

1943 New England Champion Hunter—Happy Creek, owned and shown by Edmond C. Bowen, Waterbury, Conn.

Continued on Page Twenty

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The Sporting Calendar

Racing

OCTOBER
23-April 10, 1944—Hippodromo de las Americas, Mexico City, Mexico

NOVEMBER
25-Feb. 22, 1944—Fair Grounds Breeders and Racing Ass'n., Inc., New Orleans, La. 6 days.

STAKES AND FEATURES
CHRISTMAS DAY 'CAP. 6 f., all ages, Sat., Dec. 23 \$3,000 Added
PONTCHATOULA 'CAP. 1 mi. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Dec. 28 \$3,000 Added
JASMINE 'CAP. 1 mi. & 70 yds. 3 & up, fillies & mares, Fri., Dec. 31 \$3,500 Added

1944
SUGAR BOWL 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., 4 & up, Sat., Jan. 1 \$3,000 Added
THE AUDUBON (Aic's), 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Jan. 4 \$3,000 Added
OLD HICKORY 'CAP. 6 f., 4 & up, Sat., Jan. 8 \$3,000 Added
SPANISH FORT CLAIMING STAKES, 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Jan. 11 \$2,500 Added
CRESCENT CITY 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 4 & up, Sat., Jan. 15 \$3,500 Added
THE GARDENIA (Aic's), 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, fillies, Tues., Jan. 19 \$3,000 Added
ROBERT E. LEE 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Wed., Jan. 19 \$3,000 Added
McDONOUGH 'CAP. 5 1/2 f., 4 & up, Sat., Jan. 22 \$3,000 Added
BELLE GROVE 'CAP. 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Jan. 25 \$3,000 Added
LAKE CHARLES 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., 4 & up, Wed., Jan. 26 \$3,000 Added

EVANGELINE 'CAP. 6 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Thurs., Jan. 27 \$3,000 Added
SHREVEPORT 'CAP. 6 f., 4 & up, Sat., Jan. 29 \$3,000 Added
THE GULF COAST (Aic's), 1 mi. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 29 \$3,000 Added
THE CABILDO (Aic's), 1/4 mi., 2-yr.-olds, colts & geldings, Tues., Feb. 1 \$2,500 Added
THE AZALIA (Aic's), 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr.-olds, fillies, Wed., Feb. 2 \$3,500 Added
LAKE PROVIDENCE 'CAP. 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Fri., Feb. 4 \$3,000 Added
NATCHITOCHES 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., 4 & up, Sat., Feb. 5 \$3,000 Added
CHALMETTE 'CAP. 1 mi. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Feb. 8 \$3,500 Added
THE PONTABLO (Aic's), 1/4 mi., 2-yr.-olds, fillies, Tues., Feb. 8 \$2,500 Added
FAIR GROUNDS CLAIMING STAKES, 1 1-16 mi., 4 & up, Wed., Feb. 10 \$2,500 Added
GENTILLY 'CAP. 6 f., 4 & up, Fri., Feb. 11 \$3,000 Added

LOUISIANA DERBY (Aic's), 1 1/4 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 12 \$15,000 Added
LECOMPT 'CAP. 1 mi. & 70 yds., 3 & up, Tues., Feb. 15 \$3,500 Added
PRIORRESS 'CAP. 1 mi. & 70 yds., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Wed. Feb. 16 \$5,000 Added
FAIR GROUNDS DINNER STAKES, 1/4 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Thurs., Feb. 17 \$2,500 Added
NEW ORLEANS 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 19 \$25,000 Added
THE ST. CHARLES (Aic's), 1/4 mi., 2-yr.-olds, Mon., Feb. 21 \$2,500 Added
WARD GRAS 'CAP. 5 1/2 f., 3 & up, Tues., Feb. 22 \$3,000 Added
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Feb. 22 \$3,500 Added

DECEMBER
15-Jan. 6—Gables Racing Ass'n., Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla.
25—Calliente, Tijuana, Mexico.

STAKES
CHRISTMAS 'CAP. 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Dec. 25 \$3,000 Added
NEW YEAR'S 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sun., Jan. 2 \$5,000 Added
CALIF. BREEDERS STAKES, 1 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sun., Jan. 9 \$3,000 Added
BALBOA CLAIMING STAKES, 1 mi. & 70 yds., 3 & up, Sun., Jan. 16 \$1,500 Added
SOMBRERO 'CAP. 1 mi., 3 & up, Sun., Jan. 23 \$1,500 Added
THE SENORITA, 7 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sun., Jan. 30 \$1,500 Added
CORONADO 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 6 \$1,500 Added
SPEED 'CAP. 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 20 \$3,000 Added
MOCTEZUMA 'CAP. 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 27 \$1,500 Added
AZTEC 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sat., March 5 \$3,000 Added
CALIENTE DERBY, 1 1-16 mi., Sat., March 13 \$5,000 Added
MUCHACHO PURSE, 4 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 19 \$1,500 Added
CALIENTE 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., March 26 \$10,000 Added

JANUARY
7-March 14—The Miami Jockey Club, Inc., Hialeah, Fla.
HIALEAH PARK INAUGURAL 'CAP. 6 f., 3 & up, Fri., Jan. 7 \$5,000 Added
HIALEAH STAKES, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 8 \$5,000 Added
PALM BEACH 'CAP. 7 f., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 15 \$5,000 Added
BAHAMAS 'CAP. 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 29 \$5,000 Added
MIAMI BEACH 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., (on turf), 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 5 \$5,000 Added
BLACK HELEN 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., Feb. 12 \$5,000 Added
THE MCLENNAN, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 19 \$7,500 Added
EVENING 'CAP. 7 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Tues., Feb. 22 \$5,000 Added
THE FLAMINGO, 1 1/4 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 26 \$15,000 Added
THE WIDENER, 1 1/4 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 4 \$25,000 Added
HIALEAH JUVENILE STAKES, 3 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., March 4 \$5,000 Added

MARCH
6-April 9—Gables Racing Ass'n., Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla.

Great Britain Notes

Continued from Page Nine

When A Horse Is A Stag

Many visitors to the north country—much experienced horse dealers amongst them—have been bewildered by hearing young horses described as "stags". The word connotes young, unbroken animals. 'The English Dialect Dictionary' defines stag as "A young horse from 1 to 3 years old; a young unbroken stallion".

Over five hundred years ago we find the equine term used regularly in wills and other documents. For instance Peter, the chaplain at Ingleby Arncliffe, was in 1435, fined "for allowing his stag (a gelding one-year-old) to feed with the lord's horses in the pastures below Alexander Hill". When Peter Alford died at Sutton in Holderness in 1566, his will contained a legacy of a colt stag of a brown bay colour with two white feet, also a grey mare".

Morton's 'Cyclo-pedia of Agriculture' (1863) gives 'stag' as a Yorks word for a yearling colt, and says in Scotland it is 'staig', a bull-staig being a castrated bull. That great authority on everything connected with horses, the late Sir Alfred Pease, defined 'stag' as "a young gelding over one year, but applied to any young unbroken horse. The word is still used in auctioneer's catalogues, sale-bills, and in advertisements."

Ration Points

Continued from Page Twelve

Cluster Raisins Unrationed

Cluster raisins, a dried grape product packed for sale mainly during the Christmas holiday season, have been removed from rationing by OPA. Cluster raisins are processed by drying the grapes on the stems. They usually are sold on the stem in the form of a cluster.

Harder To Get New Automobiles

Because of the reduced supply of new (1942) automobiles, eligibility requirements for these cars have been tightened by OPA to reduce the number of applicants. Under the new rule an applicant's present car must have been driven 60,000 miles (previously 40,000) before it can be considered unserviceable by local boards, salesmen are ineligible for new cars, and local boards are requested to issue a purchase permit only to an applicant showing an immediate need.

Sauerkraut Is Now Available

All remaining supplies and the rest of this season's sauerkraut pack are now available for civilian consumption. The armed forces have obtained their requirements, and the "freeze order" has been removed.

Forester Warns Lumbermen

This country's annual saw timber growth is now far below the level required for "an economy of abundance" in the post-war decades, Lyle F. Watts, chief of the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture,

warned recently. Much second-growth timber is being cut prematurely, and timber depletion has curtailed industrial activity in many localities, he explained. Mr. Watts advocated a three-point national program: (1) increased public cooperation in fire protection, government research, etc.; (2) increased public ownership of inaccessible, denuded, or other lands unsuited to private ownership and operation; and (3) public regulation that would keep reasonably productive "all forest lands cut over in the future."

Mortality Over 50 Is Up

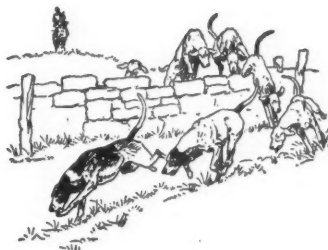
Mortality in the population of the U. S. at ages over 50 years has increased significantly in the past 12 months, according to a special study by the Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce. Officials assert that while the reasons for this adverse change are not entirely known, it is thought possible that the increased death rate is a result of the greater strains and the frequent exposures to disease that are a part of wartime life. The fact that many older persons have "returned to a strenuous working life after years of retirement certainly has played a part," the Census report states.

KEEP ON
Backing the Attack!
WITH WAR BONDS
*** * * * ***



and

The Best Of Sport For 1944



KEEP ON

Backing the Attack

WITH WAR BONDS

In The Country:-



New Owner

Elmendorf Farm at Lexington, Kentucky has recently been purchased by P. A. B. Widener from the estate of his father, the late Joseph E. Widener. The purchase included the broodmares, weanlings, yearlings and the stallions, *Sickle, Haste, Roman, Unbreakable and Chance Shot. It is planned to carry on the breeding activities and the entire lot of yearlings of 1944 will be offered for sale.

New Manager

W. E. Jones, former manager of the W. A. Phillips farm near Middleburg, Virginia, has taken over the entire management of the farm, hunting and racing stock of the George A. Garrett's Chilly Bleak Farm at Marshall, Virginia. The Garrett race horses, under Trainer William Hunt, have left for Aiken, South Carolina where they will be stabled at the Egan Stables which the H. P. Metcalfs and the Garretts have rented for the winter season. The six horses shipped were the steeplechaser, *Circus*, 3 yearlings, *Mistake* and *Scotch Irish*. Trainer Bonner and the Metcalf horses are already at Aiken.

Must Have Had a Good Shoe

One of the passengers coming north when the trains wrecked near Lumberton, North Carolina on the 16th, was Arthur White of Middleburg, Virginia, well-known steeplechaser trainer, who was returning from a shooting trip. At the time of the wreck, he was sitting in the diner and the force of the impact threw him under a table where he had to remain until someone removed the debris. One of his 'chaser's shoes must have been in his luggage as he was one of the less seriously injured. He arrived in New York with a badly cut leg all done up in a colored handkerchief, obviously proving he is not a First Aid student. However, the handkerchief didn't do too much damage and he is now recovering from the cut and a bruised shoulder.

No Nothing

The patrons of the drug stores in Middleburg have gotten used to no sodas, milk shakes, etc. on certain days due to the lack of ice cream or syrup. However, one of the daily patrons entered the store the other day and felt positive that what she was about to order would be "coming up" "May I have a glass of water, please?" "I'm sorry, the pipes are busted", was the reply. You can't win.

Back To California

Captain Newell J. Ward, Jr., returned to Camp Locket via air and Bettina left via day coach. His 15-day leave up. Buddy had to report back to headquarters. Meanwhile, after having one member of the family in a train wreck, Mrs. White is keeping the telephone company waiting for a telegram that Bettina arrived safely.

Florida and Aiken Bound

Philip Godfrey of New York was in Middleburg Monday making final plans to ship his race horses to Aiken and Florida. Mrs. D. N. Lee has had quite a few yearlings and some 2-year-olds in her stables and at Burrland since September.

Distinguished Flying Cross

One of steeplechasing's former jockeys, Lewis E. Murdock, now Captain, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for "extraordinary achievement" over Europe and North Africa. His citation read: "On a bomber escort mission over Bizerte, 20 hostile aircraft attacked Murdock's formation. Observing that two enemy planes were pressing in to attack one of his comrades, Murdock flew his plane directly into their line of fire and succeeded in destroying one and driving the other away." The Murdocks are now living in California.

Helen Cadwalader

Helen Cadwalader, longtime Chronicle correspondent on horse affairs in Maryland and for some years on the staff of the Baltimore Sun, has accepted a position with the American Red Cross and is on her way overseas. Though her fingers are crossed, Helen is in hopes of landing at some spot on the globe where horse sports are followed and whence she may continue her Chronicle correspondence.

Humphrey S. Finney

Humphrey S. Finney, Field Secretary of the Maryland Horse Breeders' Association and Manager of Robert Sterling Clark's widespread Thoroughbred interests, was in Virginia on a quick inspection tour of the Clark horses week before last. Finney, who has spent the past year with the Coast Guard's Mounted Patrol in Florida, is on temporary duty at Coast Guard Headquarters at Washington, whence he departs for the Gulf Coast after Christmas.

Oaklawn Jockey Club

The Oaklawn Jockey Club has been granted permission by the Arkansas Racing Commission to hold a 30-day meeting, Monday, February 28 to Saturday, April 1, inclusive. The commission sanctioned the meeting despite the protests of the Governor as it will certainly benefit the state to have the revenue from the meeting at Hot Springs. Included in the program of the Oaklawn Jockey Club will be several days from which the proceeds will go to war relief and other charities. The highlight of the racing program will be the Arkansas Derby which has a tentative date of April 1. At the present time there are a number of Thoroughbreds in light training at the track.

Sportsman's Park

Sportsman's Park whose 1944 dates are a 14-day meeting from April 29 through May 15 and a 30-day meeting from October 18 through November 4, made a good record during the 1943 season. During its racing season, Sportsman's Park raised \$382,000 for war relief and charities. During the 6-day post-season meeting, the popular half-mile track realized \$267,000. The pre-season charity meeting in the Spring and extra events run on Saturdays during the Fall meeting accounted for the remaining \$115,000.

Horseman's Palette

By L. D'Emo

There's a myriad of colours in nature or in art,
In the spectrum there's infinity of shading;
While in an evening sky the tints delight the eye,
Growing gradually softer as they're fading;
There are reds and blues and yellows and a million other fellows,
And nature is a flower bed of colour;
There's mauve and there's vermillion and other tints by billion—
Sometimes they're bright and then again they're duller.

There's pastel and there's paint, and you cannot say they're ain't, and many tints invented by the ladies;
They bring 'em out each season, without any rhyme or reason, As vivid as the brightest flames of Hades.
With all respect to you there's a raw Teutonic blue,
There's "Bismarck-en-cholere" and many others,
Then there's violet and green and every tint between,
And their cousins and their sisters and their brothers.

I admit these tints are pretty and don't think I'm getting fretty When I say there's colour lovelier than these;
Than twenty or their mixtures if they're fleeting or they're fixtures,
Whether staining canvas, sky or celanese:
And a palette of the greatest or a "wood-shade" of the latest
Or the wildest colour-scheme of mad Matisse
Can't compare e'en for a minute (and I'll make a bet and win it)
To seven hues I'll mention hit or miss.

There's chestnut and there's sorrel and you surely cannot quarrel
With a black or with a brown or with a grey,
And the satisfying tone of a satin coated roan
Is but equalled by a silky coated bay;
So with snip or star or blaze and with loud applauding neighs,

Kentucky Sportsmen Hosts To 4-H Clubs And County Agents

The Thoroughbred Club of America was host at its regular meeting on December 11 to county agents from seven central Kentucky counties and to 16 members of the 4-H Club to whom the club has previously given broodmares. The president of the club, James C. Stone reported that 61 mares has been distributed in 12 counties and that should any of these mares be found unfit for breeding purposes, the club was willing that the 4-H Club members should dispose of them.

President Stone also told 'hose present that the Thoroughbred Club of American was discussing buying some low-priced mares next season which would also be distributed and hoped that enough mares would be obtained to include other Kentucky counties.

The guest county agents spoke briefly and the general opinion was that the mares had been satisfactory. In some instances where the 4-H Club boys had entered the Armed Forces, provisions had been made for the broodmares to be turned over to other club members.

New England Horsemen Continued From Page Eighteen

1943 New England Champion Jumper—Easy Winner, owner by Prof. I. Winters, West Haven, Conn.
1943 New England Champion Stock Horse—Texas, owned by Justin Pratt, Springfield, Mass.

David W. Roberts, president-secretary, Hartford Horse Show Association, acted as Master of Ceremonies.

"Proctor Knott"

William Steinkraus, well-known rider of Fairfield, Connecticut, will spend his Christmas at home, report for induction December 27th and hopes to go to Fort Riley for service with the Cavalry. Bill was "Proctor Knott" whose horsemanship articles used to appear in The Chronicle at the same time he was doing such a splendid job of riding in the show ring.

I'm betting every penny in my purse;
If a horse you do not love all my arguments above
Have been wasted, for you're colour-blind or worse.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE — At Burke's Farm, George Hill Road, So. Lancaster, Mass. High class Thoroughbred hunters and show prospects. Write or call Peter T. Roche, Tel. Leominster 1877-M. 11-5 9t pd

FOR SALE—Jones Terriers. Puppies ready for delivery. P. O. Box 96, Upperville, Va.

10-29 2 mo. eow

POSITION wanted in charge of a small or large stable of hunters by single man, just passed draft age, light weight, with references that will satisfy (colored). Box O, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va.

You can eat your cake and have it, too—if you invest your CHRISTMAS savings in WAR BONDS. Keep on BACKING THE ATTACK.



WANTED — Thoroughbred, hunter middleweight preferred. One with quality and conformation also sound and unblemished. Must be a good jumper, a nice ride and particularly well mannered. Enclose photos which will be returned. Box. JJE, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 12-17-3t-c

WANTED—Teaser for breeding establishment. For details and particulars contact Dr. William Castick, North Wales, Warrenton, Virginia, Phone 794-J.

FOR RENT—Attractive 6 room bungalow partly furnished, located about three-quarters of a mile south of Middleburg, Va. Has modern conveniences. Winter coal supply for stoker on hand. Box L, The Chronicle, Middleburg, Va.

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